REVISIONS

October 30, 1989 (Pink)
November 3, 1989 (Blue)
November 3, 1989 (Yellow)
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CHILD'S PLAY II

LIVING DOLL PRODUCTIONS, INC.
SEVENTH DRAFT
DATE: October 30, 1989

CHILD'S PLAY 2

1 THE SCREEN IS BLACK... 1

...and slowly, we begin to PULL BACK, spiralling out from the darkness of the pupil of AN EYE. Enormous and blue, it fills the screen, staring dispassionately back at us.

A glass MAGNIFIER is immediately slid over the eye, revealing a CRACK cutting across the surface of iris and pupil like a jagged lightning bolt. The crack's edges are hard and chipped, tipping us to the fact that this eye is not real, but plastic.

A sharp, hooked surgical tool probes the outer edge of the eye. The tool's stainless steel surface gleams with menace. In a flash, the tool violently yanks the eye right out of its socket, leaving a dark, gaping cavern that immediately becomes...

2 A TUNNEL 2

...from which a long black LIMO comes rocketing out, ROARING right over the camera, then zooming on at top speed, eating up miles of white-lined ROAD. The limo's dark tinted windows prevent us from seeing inside. As the limo accelerates, the white line blurs, and the engine's scream becomes...

3 INT. LAB 3

...the hackle-raising SCREECH of A SCALPEL as it scrapes along a soot-covered object, revealing solid metal underneath.

The scraping continues, baring more and more of the metal surface, finally revealing beneath the charred exterior, a SKULL of stainless steel, the hinged jaw dangling in a jack-o'-lantern's grin, the gaping eye sockets staring with dark mystery.

Flesh-toned latex is stretched across the skull, smotheringly tight. Scissors SNIP holes for the eyes and mouth. A staple gun CHOMPS along the back of the head, binding latex to metal. Then the staple gun BITES into tufts of synthetic red hair, fastening them about the crown of the head. We are watching the reconstruction of a doll.

4 EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAWN 4

Roaring down the road, the limo is an automotive beast, its headlights staring down the traffic in its path, its chrome grille flashing in the pale light of the rising sun.

5 INT. LAB 5

A sticky plastic sheet is SLAPPED across the doll's face, then immediately RIPPED away, leaving the cheeks dotted with freckles.

A TECHNICIAN'S GLOVED HANDS insert little dentures into the mouth; the technician's hands look distinctly vulnerable handling the menacingly sharp teeth.

The gloved hands affix the eyeless head atop a flesh-covered torso. Then one by one, limbs are locked into their appropriate sockets, completing the basic structure of the doll, giving it hands and legs with which to manipulate the world around it. It's capable of anything now.

6 EXT. CHICAGO BRIDGE - DAWN 6

Silhouetted against the looming steel-and-glass towers of Chicago, the limo zooms across the vast expanse of the bridge, strobing in and out of view with a rhythmic THWAP THWAP as it passes behind periodic columns.

7 INT. LAB - DAY 7

A striped shirt is slipped over the torso, and blue-jeaned overalls are pulled on over the legs. Emblazoned across the front of the overalls in festive block letters is the familiar logo for "GOOD GUYS." Then, the tiny feet are * fitted with red sneakers; the sneakers are tied tight.

Finally, the Technician's hands lift the doll's shirt, * exposing its back, revealing a small compartment. The Technician's hands open the compartment and insert two "Play Pals" size-D batteries. Then the compartment is slammed shut again.

8 EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY 8

The limo veers off into a parking lot, approaching a large complex of buildings, as a fleet of rumbling eighteen-wheelers come and go on individual missions. A looming billboard proclaims the site as "PLAY PALS TOYS--THE OFFICIAL HOME OF GOOD GUYS." Perched playfully atop the sign is an oversized mechanical Good Guy, its hand waving metronomically at the world.

As the limo pulls to a stop, the rear license plate sweeps into frame: "FUN ONE."

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED 8

An eager pin-striped executive comes hurrying out of the building to greet the limo. He wears a tie dotted with smiling cartoony Good Guy faces. His name is MATTSON. He's carrying a briefcase. He anxiously awaits the emergence of the limo's passenger.

The Chauffeur climbs out from behind the wheel, then opens the rear door. An imposing grey-templed executive emerges. His name is SULLIVAN, and he is obviously the head honcho around here. His manner is utterly businesslike as an obsequious Mattson escorts him toward the building.

MATTSON
Good morning, Mr. Sullivan.

SULLIVAN
I've got a meeting in half an hour with some very jittery stockholders, Mattson. I hope you've got good news.

MATTSON
Yes, sir, I do.

They reach the building's main entrance. Mattson opens the door for his boss, then hurries inside after him.

9 INT. PLAY PALS COMPLEX - DAY 9

A file folder marked "ANDY BARCLAY" is flipped through; small black and white pics of the case's principals flash by -- KAREN and ANDY BARCLAY, CHARLES LEE RAY, etc. Over this:

MATTSON
Sales have bottomed out over the past few months. The publicity is killing us. Every supermarket tabloid in the country is running headlines about Andy Barclay and his killer Good Guy doll. *

Mattson is leading Sullivan down a long hallway, through a maze-like complex of offices, desks, ringing phones, and busy employees. They're venturing deep into the bowels of the building. Colorful glossies of Good Guy dolls adorn the walls; myriad toys are spotlighted in display cases. Everyone respectfully greets Sullivan on sight.

SULLIVAN
What about his mother? And the police that were on the case? *

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED 9

MATTSON
The police were smart. They denied everything. Which is fine because now they can't hurt us. *
(a beat)
Andy's mother is a different matter. She backed up her boy's story in court. She's now under psychiatric observation.

SULLIVAN
Jesus. Where's the boy now?

MATTSON
Mid-town Children's Crisis Center. Foster custody is pending.

SULLIVAN
My stomach hurts, Mattson. You call this good news?

MATTSON
I'm getting to that, sir. Our biggest problem has been the rumors. People are saying that some joker here at the company must have tampered with the doll's voice cassette. You know, "Hi, I'm Chucky, the Lakeshore Strangler, and I'm going to kill you." That sort of thing.
(he pauses before a door marked "RESEARCH & DEVELOPMENT")
But the good news is, we've got the doll.

For the first time, Sullivan is impressed.

9A MATTSON 9A *

pulls out a plastic card key, inserts it into a slot, and with an electronic BEEP, the door clicks open. Mattson waves Sullivan inside.

10 INT. LAB - OBSERVATORY - DAY 10

Mattson follows Sullivan into the observatory. They step up to an expansive plate-glass window which looks out into the lab -- it's a modern-day Santa's workshop in which myriad high-tech tools and machines abound.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED 10

Peering through the window, Mattson and Sullivan watch as TWO TECHNICIANS move purposefully about a table in the center of the room, crisscrossing back and forth, their bodies blocking the executives' view of the "patient" lying on the table; Mattson and Sullivan get only fleeting, tantalizing glimpses of a plastic hand, a thatch of red hair.

MATTSON
We've rebuilt it from top to bottom. A lot of it was burned to a crisp, but everything's checked out -- the voice cassette, the servomechanisms -- we've found absolutely nothing.

Leaning over Sullivan's shoulder, Mattson flips through the file and brings a report to Sullivan's attention.

MATTSON (CONT'D)
This is a quality control report. I'm sure it'll make your stockholders happy.

SULLIVAN
I want to see the doll for myself.

Mattson raps on the glass and yells to the Technicians. *

MATTSON
Gentlemen. Mr. Sullivan's here. Are we finished?

11 INT. LAB 11

The Technicians hover about the table.

FIRST TECHNICIAN
Give us a minute. We're not used to building them manually.

One Technician clamps the still partially glimpsed doll's limbs securely to the table, while the other guides a twin-pronged DRILL-like contraption as it descends from the ceiling with a mechanical ROAR, directly over the "patient."

Attached to the end of each prong is a big blue plastic eye; each eye is held in the firm grip of steel "fingers," like eggs in the grasp of spiders. We see the descending drill reflected in the observatory window, the image superimposed over the faces of Sullivan and Mattson, watching intently from behind the glass.

11A THE DESCENDING EYE'S POV 11A

moving down toward the waiting, eyeless doll, which WE NOW SEE IN ITS ENTIRETY FOR THE FIRST TIME, lying prone atop the table.

11B THE EYELESS DOLL'S POV 11B

as the drill-mounted eyeballs descend toward us.

11C BACK TO SCENE 11C

As the first Technician, wielding the drill, lowers the prongs toward the doll's cavernous eye sockets; the big plastic eyeballs are poised just above the gaping holes. The Technician presses a trigger-like button; the prongs extend with a mechanical WHIR, lowering the eyeballs toward the sockets.

Suddenly, the whirring drill falls silent. The eyeballs, poised just above the sockets, are still attached to the prongs, refusing to be released. The Technician presses repeatedly on the trigger. Click. Click. Nothing.

SECOND TECHNICIAN
What's wrong?

FIRST TECHNICIAN
I don't know. It's stuck.

He continues pressing on the trigger. Click. Click. The doll stares up at the drill with its cavernous sockets, waiting for the eyes.

Watching from the other side of the glass, Mattson squirms, * as Sullivan looks at him impatiently.

Frustrated, the Technician gives the drill a whack...and then the prongs slowly descend toward the doll's face with a WHIR, lodging the eyeballs firmly inside the sockets...

...the First Technician smiles, giving the drill a grateful * pat...

...and then with shocking surprise a shower of blue SPARKS erupt from the drill with an electrical BUZZ!

The Technician holding the drill starts to quiver, then violently shake, as a massive dose of electricity is sent coursing through his body. His eyes bulge; the cords in his neck tighten. He can't let go of the drill.

CONTINUED

11C CONTINUED 11C

The blue sparks dance outward from the drill like tendrils, enveloping both the Technician's hand and the doll, creating a lethal electrical web.

The other men look on in horror.

SECOND TECHNICIAN
Oh, my God.

He moves to help his colleague until Sullivan's voice stops him.

SULLIVAN
(over intercom)
Don't touch him!

The Second Technician freezes; there's nothing he can do.

The BUZZING blue sparks completely envelop the doll...and then there's a huge EXPLOSION from the drill as it shorts out! The OVERHEAD LIGHTS FLASH OUT as the first Technician is blown off his feet amid a SHOWER OF SPARKS; he's sent CRASHING backwards through the observatory window, landing at Sullivan's feet.

In the wake of the explosion, the room is plunged into TOTAL DARKNESS. Over this, we hear the men's voices:

MATTSON (O.S.)
Jesus Christ. I can't see a thing.

SULLIVAN (O.S.)
Are you guys okay out there?

SECOND TECHNICIAN (O.S.)
I don't know. I--

Suddenly, a PITTER-PATTERING is heard in the darkness, like tiny, fleet footsteps.

SECOND TECHNICIAN (O.S.)
What the hell?

SULLIVAN (O.S.)
What is it?

Silence...and then there's the PITTER-PATTERING again...and then silence.

SECOND TECHNICIAN (O.S.)
There's something in here.

CONTINUED

11C CONTINUED (2) 11C

MATTSON (O.S.)
What are you talking about?

SECOND TECHNICIAN (O.S.)
There's something moving around in here.

Pregnant silence...and suddenly there's an ELECTRICAL BUZZ as the lab's LIGHTING blinks on, bathing the room in a smoky glow.

The three unharmed men hurry to the injured Technician, who lies unconscious on the observatory floor, just beside the shattered window. Sullivan checks for a pulse.

SULLIVAN
He's still breathing.

As Mattson grabs a nearby phone, CAMERA BEGINS SLOWLY PULLING BACK into the center of the lab....

MATTSON
We need a medic down in R-and-D! Hurry!

...the busy men don't notice what we see: the doll is no longer on the table. CAMERA KEEPS MOVING, panning across the room, finally coming to rest on a door marked "EXIT"...and beside it, on the floor, sits CHUCKY, his blue eyes intact * and shining in the bright light. He's smiling his inanimate, inscrutable smile.

Then the door bursts open, knocking Chucky aside. *

TWO PARAMEDICS hurry into the lab, carrying a stretcher.

SECOND TECHNICIAN
Over here.

The Paramedics rush to the injured Technician's side and attend to him.

Sullivan stands, furious; Mattson meekly follows suit.

SULLIVAN
You listen to me, Mattson. I don't care what it takes, you put a lid on this thing. You smother this, or you're out of here in twenty-four hours.
(MORE)

CONTINUED

11C CONTINUED (3) 11C

SULLIVAN (Cont'd)
(buttons his jacket)
Now if you'll excuse me, I've got a meeting to get to.
(tucks the report under his arm)
As far as the stockholders and I are concerned, this matter is finished. *

Sullivan strides toward the door. Mattson watches him... then spots Chucky sitting on the floor beside the door. He furrows his brow, puzzled.

MATTSON
(calling after Sullivan)
What should I do with the doll?

Pausing at the door, Sullivan turns back to Mattson.

SULLIVAN
Stick it up your ass.

Sullivan leaves. Mattson crosses to Chucky, then bends down and picks him up, holding him carelessly by one arm. He looks at the doll in disgust. *

MATTSON *
You little fuck.

Moments pass as Mattson just looks at the inert doll...and then, the doll's eyes slide ever so slowly toward Mattson--so slowly as to seem deliberate, as if Chucky were responding to the man's comment. Mattson stares at the doll, frankly taken aback...and then Chucky's head follows his eyes, swivelling around so that he faces Mattson directly...and then he loudly bleats: *

CHUCKY
(Good Guy voice)
Hi. I'm Chucky! Wanna play?

Mattson jumps, startled. Then he sneers at the doll in disgust.

12 INT. CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 12

ANDY BARCLAY, seven years old, sits playing "Fish" with a thirtyish psychiatric SOCIAL WORKER. The large room is part of what is obviously an institutional building--drab walls, freshly mopped floors reeking of ammonia, prominent "EXIT" signs over the doors.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED 12

The walls are hand-painted with colorful flowers and smiling animals in an attempt to cheer up the place. Mobiles made by resident children hang from the ceiling.

As Andy and the Social Worker sit playing, CAMERA SLOWLY CIRCLES THEM, taking in the room, including a large mirror mounted on the wall right behind them.

SOCIAL WORKER
Got any jacks?

ANDY
Go fish.

SOCIAL WORKER
Arrgh.

He fishes. The game continues as they speak:

SOCIAL WORKER (CONT'D)
So what's happening, Andy? It's been a while since we talked.

ANDY
Mrs. Poole says I might be going to live with some people, until my mom gets better.

SOCIAL WORKER
I heard. Are you excited?

ANDY
Yeah. Nervous.

SOCIAL WORKER
Oh, I'm sure they'll take good care of you.
(a beat)
You been sleeping okay these days? Nightmares still keeping you up?

ANDY
Sometimes.

SOCIAL WORKER
Want to talk about it?

ANDY
No.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED (2) 12

SOCIAL WORKER
Come on, Andy. Remember what I told you? Talking helps make the nightmares go away.

Andy fidgets uncomfortably.

SOCIAL WORKER (CONT'D)
You still dreaming about Chucky?

ANDY
Sometimes. But don't tell anybody, okay? The other kids might start making fun of me again.

SOCIAL WORKER
(crossing his heart)
Promise.

ANDY
I had a dream that Chucky found me. He was coming to get me.

SOCIAL WORKER
Why?

ANDY
He was a bad man who got inside my doll so he wouldn't have to go to hell, but then he wanted to get inside me.

SOCIAL WORKER
Why, Andy?

ANDY
If he stayed inside the doll too long, he'd never be able to get out. He needed me 'cause I was the first person he told his secret to. *

SOCIAL WORKER
What secret?

ANDY
That his real name was Charles Lee Ray.
(he pauses, then adds quickly)
It was a scary dream.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED (3) 12

SOCIAL WORKER
I'm sure it was, Andy, but dreams can't hurt you. Dreams aren't real. Right?

Andy fidgets uncomfortably.

ANDY
Right.
(then, quickly getting off the subject)
Got any aces?

SOCIAL WORKER
Did you peek at my hand?

The Social Worker hands over his ace. As they continue playing, CAMERA MOVES IN on THEIR REFLECTIONS in a wall-size MIRROR. Then CUT TO a seeming REVERSE-ANGLE, and CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that we are in....

13 INT. CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER - GRACE'S OFFICE - DAY 13

...and Andy is being watched through this two-way mirror: JOANNE SIMPSON, thirtysomething, is reflected in the glass as she looks out at Andy, radiating concern and maternal good will; the sound of her biological alarm clock must be deafening.

The office is the usual--desk, file cabinet. Copy machine--enlivened by children's artwork. Also watching Andy are Joanne's husband, PHIL, and a fortyish social worker, GRACE POOLE. As Grace pours cups of coffee from an electric brewer:

GRACE
Naturally, he was badly traumatized by the murders. But they bounce back pretty fast at that age.

JOANNE
Poor kid.

GRACE
What Andy needs now is a normal family environment. A fresh start and a chance to forget the past. Since you two have done well with so many kids, we were hoping you might foster him until his mother recovers.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED 13

She hands Phil and Joanne their cups of coffee, as well as doughnuts.

JOANNE
Always room for one more.

PHIL
(skeptical)
Mmmm.

JOANNE
What does that mean?

PHIL
Well, he seems...normal enough. But how has all this affected him?

GRACE
In order to come to terms with something he couldn't possibly understand, he turned it all into a kind of fairy tale. Something a child could make sense of. He insisted his doll was responsible. Said it was possessed by the soul of Charles Lee Ray.

PHIL *
Who?

GRACE
The Lakeshore Strangler. He * murdered a dozen people in a series of ritual "voodoo" killings.

Phil is taken aback as he bites into his doughnut.

PHIL
(to Joanne)
Well, I just love a child with * imagination, don't you, darling?

JOANNE
Phil, please.

PHIL
I just want to make sure we're not biting off more than we can chew. I mean, are we even qualified to take care of a boy like this?

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED (2) 13

GRACE
I understand your concern, Mr. Simpson. But I'm sure you can see that this was all just a child's way of coping with a dreadful situation. Andy is fine now. He just wants to get on with his life.

Joanne looks at Phil, who looks skeptical.

JOANNE
You game?

PHIL
(sincere)
Whatever makes you happy.

14 EXT. CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER - DAY 14

Andy is looking out the window of a red station wagon as it pulls away from the large, institutional building, leaving the boy's old life behind. Andy waves to Grace, who stands on the front porch, waving back. Phil and Joanne are in the front seat.

Phil steers the car down a long driveway. Turning onto the main road, the station wagon passes a sign at the mouth of the driveway which reads "MID-TOWN CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER."

15 OMITTED 15

16 INT. STATION WAGON\CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER - DAY 16

En route to his new life, Andy leans against the backseat window, face pressed against the glass, fascinated by the passing scenery. Joanne turns to face the back seat. *

JOANNE
So Andy, what do you like to eat?

ANDY
All kinds of things.

JOANNE
Well, what's your very favorite food in the whole wide world?

ANDY
Chocolate!

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED 16

JOANNE
Besides that.

ANDY
My mom used to fix me eggs for breakfast. I like eggs.

JOANNE
Eggs for breakfast. You got it.

Andy, at the mention of his mom, pulls a worn, wallet-sized photo of KAREN BARCLAY out of his pocket. He stares at it, forlorn.

PHIL
You're in luck, Andy. Joanne is a terrific cook. You like sushi?

Andy doesn't respond. Phil glances into the rearview mirror: he sees Andy staring at the photo, lost in some memory.

PHIL (CONT'D)
(looking into mirror)
Andy?

JOANNE
Phil! Look out!

Startled, Phil glances back through the windshield--and sees a huge EIGHTEEN-WHEELER pulling out onto the road directly in front of him!

PHIL
Jesus Christ!

The truck's HORN blares. Phil slams on the brakes, SCREECHING to a rubber-burning halt. He just misses hitting the truck, which roars on past the station wagon, heading in the opposite direction.

In the backseat, Andy watches through the side window as the truck rumbles past in an endless blur of flashing chrome...and then A MAMMOTH PAINTED GOOD GUY FACE rolls into view, not two feet away on the other side of the glass!

Andy recoils, terrified, as the truck continues to thunder past. The moment stretches hyperbolically, like a bad dream; all SOUND DRAINS AWAY, except for the rig's roaring ENGINE. Andy's staring at the Good Guy face as the truck recedes into the distance. The face looks like Chucky. Too much by half. The truck also sports the logo for "PLAY PALS TOYS."

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED (2) 16

Only we can see the fear etched in his face. Then, with the abruptness of a popping balloon, Andy's reverie is burst as ALL SOUNDS RETURN:

JOANNE
Andy?

Andy quickly turns to Joanne.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
You okay?

ANDY
Sure.

Phil puts the station wagon into gear and drives on.

17 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY 17

OVERHEAD ESTABLISHING SHOT of a middle-class street, lined with comfortable houses and well-kept yards. Laughing children ride bicycles; a man mows his lawn.

CAMERA CRANES DOWN as Phil's station wagon enters this tranquil scene, cruising along the street, then pulling into the driveway of one of the nicest houses.

18 INT. STATION WAGON - DAY 18

MOUNTED ON THE HOOD OF THE CAR, CAMERA shoots the occupants straight on, as Phil cuts the engine.

PHIL
This is it.

Andy rolls down the window, peering out at his new home. He's excited, but a little nervous.

JOANNE
What do you think?

ANDY
I've never lived in a house before. Just apartments.

Phil turns to Andy, patting his shoulder. *

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED 18

PHIL
(sarcastic)
You know what they say. A house just isn't a home without children.

Andy opens the door and hops out of the car. Joanne rolls her eyes at Phil as they head out, too.. *

19 OMITTED 19

20 INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FOYER - DAY 20

Andy's suitcase is placed on the floor by Phil, as he and Joanne lead Andy inside.

PHIL
Make yourself comfortable, Andy.

ANDY
Thanks.

Taking in the foyer, and glancing through an open doorway into the living room, Andy gets his first look at his new surroundings: a squeaky clean, lovingly kept house that's in a constant state of ever-escalating improvement. The sort of house in which messes are never found. There's an abundance of vintage Americana furniture and antique knick-knacks.

Andy walks through the doorway into...

21 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 21

...where he spots an antique figure displayed on a shelf at the base of the stairs--a mother cradling an infant. Intrigued, Andy stares at the figure, a symbol of filial bliss. He reaches out to touch it...only to be stopped by Phil's firm--though jovial--voice:

PHIL
Uh-uh. First rule. Don't touch the old stuff.

Phil and Joanne enter from the foyer.

ANDY
Sorry.

PHIL
No foul. We collect this junk. It's kind of a habit. *

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED 21

JOANNE
(to Andy)
You like it?

ANDY
Uh-huh.

JOANNE
This has been in my family for three generations. My grandmother gave it to my mother, and my mother gave it to me.

ANDY
Who are you going to give it to?

An expression of pain flickers across Joanne's face; she covers it with a hasty smile.

JOANNE
Come on. Why don't you go upstairs and explore? I'll be up in a minute. *

ANDY
Okay.

He grabs his suitcase and heads back into the foyer and up the stairs. Phil and Joanne look after him. Joanne takes Phil's hand.

JOANNE
What do you think?

PHIL
(ribbing her)
I'll get used to him.

She punches him in the shoulder.

22 INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY 22

Cresting the stairs, Andy finds himself in a hallway containing several closed doors. Which one is his room? He moves to the nearest door and opens it, revealing...

23 A BEDROOM 23

...and a startled sixteen-year-old girl, talking on the phone, and caught smoking a cigarette. She's pretty, tough, and has obviously been around.

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED 23

She's wearing a colorful grocery store apron and a nametag bearing the name KYLE.

KYLE
(to Andy)
Jesus. Ever hear of knocking?
(into phone)
Well, there goes the neighborhood. *
(beat)
It's just some little rug rat.

Joanne suddenly appears behind Andy, having just come up the * stairs.

JOANNE
Andy, did you find--

KYLE *
Adam, let me call you back.

She hangs up the phone and hastily stubs out the cigarette, * then smiles at Joanne in counterfeit innocence as she stands there in a cloud of cigarette smoke. Andy coughs. Kyle glares at him.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
What are you, crazy?
(holds out her hand)
Give them to me.

KYLE
Oh Joanne, come on.

JOANNE
Give 'em!
(frantically glancing
over her shoulder)
Phil will shoot you if he catches you
again.

Sighing in defeat, Kyle pulls a pack of cigarettes out of her breast pocket and reluctantly hands them over to Joanne. Joanne slips the pack into her pocket.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
Andy, this is Kyle. She's been
staying with us, too.

Kyle glares at Andy.

KYLE
Charmed.

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED (2) 23

Looking past Kyle into the bedroom, Joanne spots an open suitcase atop a chest of drawers; the suitcase overflows with clothes. Joanne hurries inside...

JOANNE

Kyle...

24 INT. KYLE'S BEDROOM - DAY 24

...Kyle follows Joanne to the suitcase. Andy wanders into * the room, too. The room evidences the confusions of a young woman who's not quite ready to let go of childhood--cuddly stuffed animals share the spotlight with posters of rock idols like the Cure and the Smiths.

Joanne pulls open drawers: they're empty. Meanwhile, a * curious Andy reaches into Kyle's suitcase and pulls out a bra. Kyle snatches it away from him.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
...what is this? You've been here three weeks. Isn't it time you unpacked?

KYLE
What for? I've never spent more than a month in any home.

JOANNE
With that attitude, I can see why. Come on, put this stuff away. And then could you do me a favor and help me get dinner started?

KYLE
I can't. I have to work tonight.

JOANNE
Kyle, this is the third night in a row. I'd really like it if you could spend a little time with the family.

KYLE
I need the money. I'm going to be on my own next year.

JOANNE
Yes, well, until then, you're with us. Okay?

KYLE
Okay. Can I borrow the car?

JOANNE
The keys are on my dresser.

Joanne and Andy head on down the hall. Kyle closes the door after them--and then flips a set of jingly keys into the air, catching them in her palm. She smiles.

25 INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - DAY 25

The door opens and Joanne leads Andy inside. It's a cheerful, freshly painted room, a child's haven. There's a bed, a bureau, a desk, a little chest. Bright posters adorn the walls; nifty blue curtains hang over the window.

JOANNE
Like it?

ANDY
Neat.

JOANNE
(moving to the window)
I made these curtains just for you. I bet blue is your favorite color.

ANDY
Thanks, Mrs. Simpson. (X)

JOANNE (X)
Call me Joanne.

ANDY (X)
Okay, Joanne.

JOANNE
Take a look around. I'll start unpacking. (X)

Joanne zips open the little suitcase and starts to put the clothes away in the dresser.

Meanwhile, Andy wanders about the room, checking things out. Atop the desk, he finds a magnifying glass; he inspects it, then moves on. He opens the toy chest, delighted to find all manner of games and toys inside.

ANDY
Wow!

JOANNE
(turning to Andy, pleased)
I thought you might like that. There's more in the closet.

Absolutely chipper, Andy closes the chest and moves to the closet. He opens the door, revealing a closetful of children's clothes and shoes--boys' and girls', in various sizes. Andy furrows his brow, puzzled. Then he glances up at the closet shelf, where he spots a big toy truck, evidently forgotten. On tip-toe, he reaches up for the truck, his hand just barely grazing it...

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED 25

Meanwhile, Joanne is still putting Andy's things away in the dresser.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
Before dinner, we can go explore the backyard. And later, I'll read you a story. We've got lots of--

She's cut off as Andy, reaching up toward the closet shelf, dislodges something...causing a GOOD GUY DOLL to come tumbling down, its familiar face smiling down at Andy as it comes rocketing down at him! Andy gasps, recoiling, as the doll plummets to his feet, lying on the floor, smiling up at him.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED (3) 25

TOMMY
Hi! I'm Tommy, and I'm your friend to the end. Hidey-ho, ha-ha-ha!

Terrified, Andy turns and runs headlong toward the door...

JOANNE
Andy?

...crashing right into Phil, who's just entering.

PHIL
Whoa! Slow down!
(he snags Andy by the arm, halting his flight)
Second rule. No running in the house.

Andy casts a terrified look back at the doll. Phil is puzzled by the expression of fear on Andy's face.

PHIL (CONT'D)
What's the matter, Andy?

JOANNE
(mortified)
Oh Andy, I'm sorry. I forgot that was in there. We've had so many kids here, it's hard to keep track of everything.
(she reaches down and picks up the doll)
I'll get rid of it. In the meantime, why don't you get settled in? Then we'll have some dinner.

Joanne and Phil head out of the room, Phil casting a concerned, skeptical look back at a still trembling Andy as he closes the door shut.

26 EXT. PLAY PALS COMPLEX - PARKING LOT - NIGHT 26

THUNDER booms. RAIN pours. Lightning flashes down upon the vast parking lot which stretches out beyond the complex into dark infinity. Out in the parking lot's nether regions, a single BMW sits alone in the storm, dwarfed by several eighteen-wheelers coming and going on purposeful missions.

Mattson emerges from the building. He pauses before heading out into the downpour. Lightning strobes across Chucky's upside-down face; Mattson is carelessly toting the doll by the leg.

Mattson pops open an umbrella; the canopy sports little Good Guy faces. Immediately, the umbrella collapses. Disgusted, Mattson tosses the useless thing away. He looks out across the rain-washed parking lot: the BMW seems very far away.

Turning his collar up against the storm, Mattson dashes out into the rain, hurrying across the parking lot toward the BMW, toting Chucky by the leg. Then he accidentally drops Chucky; the doll SPLASHES face-down into a puddle. Mattson retrieves Chucky and hurries on.

Reaching the BMW, Mattson punches his kering: a car alarm deactivates with an electronic BEEP BEEP. Mattson quickly unlocks the trunk and lifts the lid: the trunk is stuffed to the brim with Play Pals toys.

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED 26

THUNDER booms. RAIN pours. Lightning strobes across Chucky's face as Mattson crams the doll inside the overstuffed trunk, then slams the lid down...bashing Chucky's head in the process. Mattson slams the lid down again; Chucky's head gets bashed.

Mattson, getting drenched, raises the lid and repositions the doll.

MATTSON
Come on.

He impatiently slams the lid down again...accidentally crunching Chucky's plastic index finger, which protrudes from inside the trunk.

Mattson, getting exasperated, and wetter by the second, pushes down hard on the lid, trying to close it, unaware that he's crushing Chucky's finger. The lid won't close. Mattson keeps pushing. The fingertip keeps getting crunched...

...and only we see, as lightning flashes, the tiny red drop that wells up on the fingertip and falls to the pavement with a PLOP. Then ANOTHER drop. And ANOTHER. The rain quickly washes the red drops away.

Finally, Mattson notices the finger--but not the tiny drops of blood. The doll simply won't fit inside the crowded trunk.

Giving up, Mattson raises the lid and yanks Chucky out. He slams the lid shut, then carries Chucky around the side of the car through the pouring RAIN. THUNDER rumbles. Lightning flashes.

Mattson opens the BMW's rear door. The backseat is stuffed with more Play Pals toys. Mattson tosses Chucky inside. The doll lands on his back atop the mound of toys: there's a "Good Guys" slinky; a "Good Guys" water pistol; etc.

Mattson climbs behind the wheel, placing his briefcase on the seat beside him. Then he starts the engine and pulls away, windshield wipers slashing away at the falling RAIN.

27 thru 29 OMITTED 27 thru 29 *

30 INT. BMW - NIGHT 30

Periodic lights strobe with a rhythmic THWAP THWAP, flashing through the shadowy interior of the car as it zips through the tunnel.

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED 30

Mattson flicks some rain off his coat, then picks up a cellular phone at his side and deftly punches a number, clearly relishing the act.

MATTSON
Hi honey, it's me. Don't hold dinner. I've got to work late again.
(a beat)
I know I promised, but what can I say? That's why they give me the big bucks.
(a beat)
Okay. See you later. Kiss kiss.

30A thru 30B OMITTED 30A thru 30B

30C IN THE BACK SEAT 30C

As Mattson speaks on the phone, we see CHUCKY'S HEAD IN SILHOUETTE, moving to one side ever so slightly, as if listening...

30D BACK TO MATTSON IN FRONT SEAT 30D

He breaks the connection, then punches another number, smiling lasciviously.

MATTSON (CONT'D)
Hello, Lisa.
(pause)
The Absolut? Uh...of course I didn't forget, baby. It's our two-week anniversary.
(leering)
I'm on my way. Ciao.
(hangs up)
Shit.

30E IN THE BACK SEAT 30E

Chucky is now sitting up! His eyes glint in the strobing light from the passing traffic.

31 EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT 31

The BMW pulls into an empty RAIN-washed parking lot in front of the liquor store.

32 INT. BMW - NIGHT 32

Mattson puts the car into PARK, then cuts the engine. Then he climbs out into the rainy night, SLAMMING the door shut after him, pressing his keyring and activating the alarm with an electronic BEEP BEEP. He hurries off through the rain toward the store.

As the RAIN patters on the windows, casting streaking shadows through the car's interior, CHUCKY'S PLASTIC HANDS reach into the front seat and quietly open up Mattson's briefcase. The hands rifle through the myriad papers and files, finally discovering the folder marked "ANDY BARCLAY."

The hands open the file, revealing Mattson's report. The index finger scans the printed information, finally settling on the stat: "CURRENT RESIDENCE--MID-TOWN CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER. PHONE "555-4969"
?
Then CHUCKY'S HAND grabs the celluar phone, and starts to punch a number.

32A INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT 32A

Mattson studies the many bottles of trendy liquor, comparing the prices of two. He chooses the most expensive.

32B INT. BMW - NIGHT 32B

We see CHUCKY, SILHOUETTED against the windshield and the glaring lights outside, as his hand lifts the receiver to his ear. We hear the electronic sound of the connection RINGING.
?

33 EXT. CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER - NIGHT 33

RAIN pours onto the stately institutional building; THUNDER booms and lightning flashes, as we hear the sound of a PHONE RINGING somewhere inside.

34 INT. CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER - GRACE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 34

On the telephone, an insistent flashing light accompanies each shrill RING.

THUNDER and lightning. A harried Grace Poole is making copies on a Copy machine, while simultaneously trying to comfort a little boy named SAMMY; he's terrified of the storm, jumping at every flash of lightning, clutching a toy dog like a security blanket. The PHONE continues to RING on Grace's desk.

GRACE
No, Sammy, I don't want to play Red Light. I want you to go back to bed.

SAMMY
But I'm scared.

GRACE
There's nothing to be scared of. It's just a storm.

Grace drops her work and hurries toward the RINGING phone. The boy toddles over to the still-running Copy machine, pressing buttons, wreaking havoc--an endless stream of copies spew from the machine. The boy giggles, delighted.

Grace grabs the phone.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Grace Poole. *

CHUCKY (FILTERED)
(formal)
Yes. I'm trying to reach Andy Barclay.

GRACE
Andy's no longer living here. Who is this?

34A EXT. BMW/LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT 34A

We watch Chucky, IN SILHOUETTE, through the rain-spattered windows. Over this, we hear:

CONTINUED

34A CONTINUED 34A

CHUCKY (O.S.)
(stridently friendly)
This is his Uncle Charles.

35 thru 37 OMITTED 35 thru 37

37A INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT 37A

A slightly damp Mattson places a bottle of Absolut on the check-out counter, then pulls a credit card out of his wallet and hands it to the Checker.

CHECKER
Sorry. Cash only.

MATTSON
(incredulous)
That's an American Express Gold Card.
That's better than cash. *

Disgusted, Mattson pulls a couple of bills out of his wallet and throws them at the Checker. The Checker gives Mattson his change...and then Mattson is startled by the sudden scream of a car ALARM. His car alarm. He grabs the Absolut and bolts away.

38 EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT 38

Mattson hurries out into the RAINY night, then pauses, staring at his BMW: there's no sign of a break-in, no thief in sight...and yet the alarm continues to scream.

Nervous, Mattson cautiously approaches the car, walking through the RAIN. THUNDER rumbles and lightning strobes.

Mattson reaches the BMW. Pressing his face right up against a window, he peers through the tinted glass...a strobing flash of lightning spotlights Chucky in the backseat, perched atop the heap of toys, as before, smiling his inanimate smile back at Mattson through the glass.

Mattson presses his keyring, shutting off the alarm.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED 38

MATTSON
Piece of junk.

He unlocks the door and opens it.

39 INT. BMW - NIGHT 39

Mattson climbs behind the wheel. Chucky lolls in the backseat behind him. Mattson pulls the seat belt harness over his lap, fastening it with a solid CLICK.

40 EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT 40

The BMW's engine revs up; the windshield wipers start slashing away, and the car drives off into the STORMY night.

41 INT. BMW - NIGHT 41

Mattson drives. Behind him, the backseat is obscured in total darkness. We hear only the sound of the car's purring engine, and the occasional clap of THUNDER.

Mattson reaches down and grabs the phone receiver...and he immediately reacts to the unexpected feeling of moisture. Puzzled, he glances down at the phone: it's speckled with drops of blood. He looks at his fingers: they're bloody, too...

...and then, from the backseat, comes the faint sound of CRINKLING plastic, as if a package were being opened.

Alarmed, Mattson glances into the rearview mirror, but it's too dark to see anything...and then passing headlights slice through the car's interior, giving Mattson a fleeting glimpse of big blue EYES in the mirror, right behind him, burning with diabolical mischief! Then the passing beam of light is gone, plunging the car into darkness again.

Frightened, Mattson starts to turn around...only to be stopped by the barrel of a GUN suddenly held to his head!

CHUCKY (O.S.)
Freeze, asshole.

Mattson, terrified, does as he's told; he keeps his eyes on the road. He hasn't gotten a look at his attacker.

MATTSON
What--what do you want?

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED 41

CHUCKY (O.S.)
No questions. Just drive.

Mattson obeys.

42 EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE/SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT 42

The WIND moans, whipping through the trees, as the RAIN lashes the Simpson's house. THUNDER cracks and lightning strobes. A single light shines brightly on the front porch.

Mattson's BMW cruises stealthily along the slick, deserted street, slowing down as it approaches the Simpson's house.

43 INT. BMW - NIGHT 43

CHUCKY'S POV--peering out at the house through the BMW's side window as the car creeps past.

The bright porch light winks out, and thus we glimpse CHUCKY'S FAINT REFLECTION in the glass, as the house beckons beyond the rain-streaked window.

43A IN THE FRONT SEAT 43A

Mattson trembles, still a hostage at gunpoint.

CHUCKY (O.S.)
Keep going.

Mattson obeys, stepping on the gas.

44 EXT. SIMPSON'S HOUSE/SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT 44

The BMW heads on down the RAIN-swept road, disappearing around a corner.

45 EXT. NEARBY CHURCH AND PARKING LOT - NIGHT 45

The BMW pulls into a deserted parking lot behind the church, wipers slashing away at the RAIN. THUNDER and lightning.

46 INT. BMW - NIGHT 46

Mattson brings the car to a stop and shifts to "PARK." He leaves the ENGINE idling, the headlights shining; the wipers continue to slash away at the falling RAIN.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED 46

Behind him, there is once again the sound of CRINKLING plastic, another package being opened.

CHUCKY (O.S.)
Put your arms behind the seat.

MATTSON
What?

CHUCKY (O.S.)
(poking the pistol against Mattson's head)
Do it!

Mattson does as he's told, reaching his arms back around his seat. A SLINKY is immediately wrapped about Mattson's wrists, cuffing his hands behind him. Already belted to the seat, Mattson is now rendered completely immobile.

Then, the barrel of the gun is brandished menacingly before his face.

MATTSON
Please. Please don't shoot me. I have plastic. Visa, American Express Gold Card. You can have--

Suddenly, the pistol squirts a stream of WATER into Mattson's wincing face!

CHUCKY (O.S.)
Bang! You're dead.

A "Good Guys" water pistol is tossed into the front seat beside Mattson, as Chucky CACKLES hysterically OFF-SCREEN. Relieved, Mattson smiles slightly, then starts to laugh nervously along with his still unseen tormentor.

MEANWHILE, IN THE BACKSEAT--as their laughter continues, growing more raucous, CHUCKY'S HANDS grab a PLASTIC BAG filled with toys. The hands loosen a drawstring, opening the bag, then start to pull out the toys. THUNDER and lightning.

BACK TO MATTSON--as he continues to laugh...and then the plastic bag is thrown over his head! The drawstring is yanked tight, the plastic pulled taut against Mattson's shocked face. Disoriented, his arms cuffed behind him, he flails about helplessly in his seat in a futile effort to escape. His feet kick wildly, flooring the gas pedal, causing the ENGINE to RACE and SCREAM.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED (2) 46

Then there's the sound of a DOOR clicking OPEN; a shrill BUZZER wails, demanding that the door be closed. The BUZZER wails on. Mattson kicks. The ENGINE screams. RAIN pelts the windows. The wipers slash back and forth.

Mattson labors for breath. Suffocating, he tries to gulp air, only sucking the CRINKLING cellophane into his gaping mouth. His wide, panicked eyes appear distorted behind the cellophane, as he stares straight ahead...

46A MATTSON'S POV 46A

a distorted, hallucinatory vision through the diffused plastic: looking beyond the RAIN-streaked windshield, as the wipers slash away, he sees caught in the glaring headlights, a hint of RED HAIR dashing by in front of the car.

47 EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - NIGHT 47

OVERHEAD SHOT--looking down upon the BMW from above, as the RAIN continues to fall, THUNDER booms and lightning flashes...the car's ENGINE RACES and SCREAMS...and then the engine suddenly dies to a soft idle.

Then, all is quiet, except for the raging STORM.

48 thru 50 OMITTED 48 thru 50 (X)

51 EXT. SIMPSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT 51

CHUCKY'S POV--of the Simpson's house, peeking out from behind a public mailbox across the street. Before we can make our move, a car hisses by in the RAIN; we take cover.

When the coast is clear, we emerge, zooming across the street toward the house, as THUNDER cracks and lightning strobes...

...we zoom up the steps to the front door, OUR PLASTIC HAND reaching up and trying the knob---but it's locked. We turn and head around to the side of the house...

...zooming down the narrow driveway, passing low alongside the station wagon, heading for the back of the house. Up ahead is the back porch: we zoom up the steps and toward the door...

52 thru 71 OMITTED 52 thru 71

71A INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 71A

Insidiously still. Outside, the STORM rages on. Lightning casts strobing shadows across the room. A grandfather clock ticks incessantly. Tick...tick...tick...

71B INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT 71B

Lightning. Shadows. Tick...tick...tick...

71C INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT 71C

Lightning. Shadows. Tick...tick...tick...

71D INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 71D

A colorful illustration from a children's storybook-- Hansel and Gretel, lost in the forest--is accompanied by Joanne's voice:

JOANNE
"...Hansel and Gretel, lost in the forest, followed the trail of breadcrumbs in search of their mother and father..."

CONTINUED

71D CONTINUED 71D

Joanne is reading to Andy, now tucked into bed. Held rapt by Joanne's storytelling, Andy jumps in fright at a terrific clap of THUNDER. Joanne glances at her watch, then abruptly closes the book.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
And they all lived happily ever after.

ANDY
No, they don't.

JOANNE
Well, they do for now. We'll finish tomorrow night.

Joanne reaches to switch off the bedside lamp, but Andy snags her arm.

ANDY
Don't go.

JOANNE
What's the matter?

Andy sheepishly casts his eyes downward.

ANDY
I miss my mother.

Joanne strokes his hair consolingly.

JOANNE
Oh honey, I know you do.

ANDY
Will I ever see her again?

JOANNE
Of course you will. I promise.

72 INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/FOYER - NIGHT 72

Looking up the stairs, we see the glow of golden lamplight spilling out from Andy's room, casting shadows of Andy and Joanne on the wall to the right. Then, we hear Joanne's consoling voice:

JOANNE (O.S.)
Don't worry. I'll stay as long as you need me.

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED 72

Then CAMERA BOOMS DOWN slowly, revealing a headful of clown-red hair. CHUCKY, standing at the base of the stairs, and looking up at the hallway, turns to face the camera. The soft light gives his features a sinister, otherworldly quality, and WE GET OUR FIRST LOOK AT THE MOVIE'S STAR IN ALL HIS ANIMATED GLORY.

CHUCKY
Shit.

His eyes glued to the top of the stairs, Chucky backs into the living room from the foyer. He turns...

...and immediately comes face-to-face with look-alike Good Guy Tommy, perched atop the shelf at the base of the stairs!

Chucky gasps in shock, confronted by his alter-ego; then animatronic Tommy responds to Chucky--he swivels his head and loudly bleats:

TOMMY
Hi! I'm Tommy, and I'm your--

Chucky slugs him, cutting him off in mid-sentence.

CHUCKY
(whispering)
Shut up, you idiot!

Tommy's knocked off the shelf and falls, his head slamming upon the hard floor. The sudden jolt causes the doll to malfunction: Tommy starts to chatter incessantly.

TOMMY
I like to be hugged I like to be hugged I like...

Chucky grabs the statue of mother and child off the shelf, raising it into the air.

CHUCKY
Hug <u>this</u>.

Wielded by Chucky's maniacal strength, the statue comes crashing down, smashing poor Tommy square in the face; the smiling plastic visage cracks. Chucky strikes again and again and again, bludgeoning the doll into silence. The statue itself shatters to bits in the process.

72A INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 72A

Joanne continues to stroke Andy's hair, comforting him. Andy starts, as if hearing something.

ANDY
What was that?

JOANNE
Nothing. Now go to sleep. Nobody's going to hurt you.

72B INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 72B

Tommy's shattered face, barely recognizable, belies Joanne's reassuring words, as Chucky emphasizes the point by striking one final, savage blow.

73 thru 76 OMITTED 73 thru 76

77 EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT 77

Dirt is flung onto Tommy's shattered face, as the RAIN continues to fall. CAMERA CRANES UP to reveal Tommy lying in a freshly dug grave in a flower bed at the base of a tree; the large wooden swing, suspended from the branch, hovers just in front of the grave; buffeted by the WIND, the swing's support chains RATTLE eerily.

Chucky, huffing and puffing with strain, wields a bright yellow toy shovel as he flings more and more dirt onto the doll. A bright yellow toy pail lies nearby. CAMERA CRANES higher and higher, looking down at the backyard as Chucky buries Tommy in the raging STORM.

78 thru 80 OMITTED

81 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 81

The many pieces of the statue are dropped on the breakfast table, scattering across its surface.

Andy and Kyle are sitting at the table, eating scrambled eggs. They stare at the pieces of the statue, steeling themselves for trouble. (X)

A hand reaches down, gingerly picking up one of the pieces. It's Joanne. She stares at the piece, forlorn.

Phil sits at the table with the kids, band-aiding his cut foot.

PHIL
Do either of you have anything to say?

The kids say nothing. Finally, Kyle breaks the silence, turning to Andy:

KYLE
I think we should talk to a lawyer first.

CONTINUED

81 CONTINUED 81

JOANNE
Kyle, this isn't funny. That statue was very important to me. *

PHIL
Now I think one of you owes Joanne an apology. *

KYLE
I'm innocent.

PHIL
Andy?

Andy's about to speak when he glances into the living room...and sees the Good Guy doll sitting on the floor beside the TV. Andy stares at the doll, suspicious...and afraid. Then he turns to Phil.

ANDY
I didn't do it.

PHIL
All right. You leave me no choice. Until someone fesses up, you're both grounded.

KYLE
But I have a date tonight. You said I could use the car.

PHIL
Sorry.

Kyle stares at Andy with undisguised hostility.

82 INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CELLAR - DAY 82

CLOSE on a WASHING MACHINE as the lid is slammed shut. WIDEN to reveal Kyle, smoking a cigarette, as she switches the machine on. Next to the washer, there's a dryer and a water-filled sink. As Kyle soaks some linens in the sink, Andy stands by watching. *

KYLE
This is exactly how I wanted to spend my day off. Thanks a lot.

ANDY
But I didn't break the statue. Really.

CONTINUED

82 CONTINUED 82

She can't deny the sincerity in his voice.

KYLE
(shrugs)
I don't know. Maybe it just fell

Kyle continues soaking the clothes. Andy stands by awkwardly. Then:

ANDY
Hey! Want to hear me say your name backwards?

Kyle glances at him, with little or no interest. Andy proceeds to spin around, so that his back is to Kyle.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Kyle!

He spins to face her again, smiling, waiting for approval. Instead, she hands Andy the cigarette. * *

KYLE
Hold this.

As she busies herself with the line, adjusting the hanging clothes, Andy stares, fascinated, at the burning cigarette he's holding. He sniffs it tentatively, then brings it to his lips. He takes a puff...and starts to cough uncontrollably.

KYLE
Jesus! Give me that!

She grabs the cigarette away from him.

KYLE (CONT'D)
What do you think you're doing?

ANDY
I wanted to taste it.

KYLE
Get real! It tastes like shit, okay? This is very bad for you.

CONTINUED

82 CONTINUED (2) 82

ANDY
Then why do you do it?

KYLE
Grown-ups are allowed to do things that are bad for them.

ANDY
But you're not a grown-up.

Her bubble burst, she just stares at him.

KYLE
You're really getting on my nerves, Andy.
(demonstrating with the clothes)
Help me hang this stuff on the line.

Andy takes over. Kyle returns to the sink.

ANDY
Mr. Simpson is kind of grouchy, isn't he?

KYLE
You'd be grouchy, too, if you had to sell life insurance five days a week. He's not so bad. I've had fosters who'd kill you for staring at them cross-eyed.

ANDY
Really?

KYLE
Sure. They figure you're not really theirs, you're just passing through. The minute you screw up, they let you have it.

Andy's terrified by the prospects.

83 INT. SIMPSON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 83

Joanne is sitting at the breakfast table, still in her robe. (X) She's eating a scrambled egg. Phil sits beside her, having glued the statue almost completely back together. He painstakingly fits the last piece into place...but then the statue crumbles again. Phil sighs.

CONTINUED

83 CONTINUED 83

Lugging a basketful of folded clothes, Andy emerges from the cellar to overhear his elders' conversation. He remains just at the top of the stairs, behind the partially open kitchen door, unseen by Phil and Joanne, eavesdropping.

PHIL
I have to tell you, I have a bad feeling about all of this, Joanne. (X)

JOANNE
Having second thoughts?

PHIL
Well, you have to admit he's a very troubled little boy. He obviously hasn't come to terms with this doll thing. (X)

Joanne sighs; she doesn't want to hear this.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Look, all I'm saying is, he may need more attention than we can give him.

JOANNE
Phil, Andy's been through hell. We have to give him some time. He'll settle down. (X)
(she glances at a forkful of egg and smiles)
Besides, I like him.

She gobbles up the egg. (X)

Behind the cellar door, Andy sighs; he glances through the doorway into the living room, where the Good Guy doll sits on the shelf at the base of the stairs. Putting the clothes basket down, Andy silently tip-toes out of the kitchen and into the living room, apprehensive but determined...

84 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 84

...Andy enters and slowly approaches the doll, keeping a wary distance, regarding it as he would a sleeping rattlesnake.

CONTINUED

84 CONTINUED 84

ANDY
I hate you.

The doll responds:

CHUCKY
(Good Guy voice)
Hi, I'm...
(slight pause)
...Tommy, and I'm your friend to the end. Hidey-ho, ha-ha-ha!

Andy narrows his eyes, his suspicions raised by the doll's subtly hesitant greeting. Taking a deep breath, he turns the doll over and slowly lifts the shirt, exposing the closed battery compartment. Holding his breath, Andy pulls open the compartment door...revealing two batteries inside.

Andy sighs. Satisfied, he snatches the doll up by the arm. Only we know that it's Chucky, impersonating Tommy. Andy heads for the kitchen, carelessly dragging the doll behind him.

85 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 85

Andy enters from the living room. Dragging Chucky behind him, he pauses before Joanne and Phil, still sitting at the breakfast table, as he heads back toward the cellar. *

ANDY
Hi.

JOANNE AND PHIL
Hi.

Joanne and Phil exchange surprised looks as Andy heads down into the cellar with the doll. Smiling, Joanne shrugs. *

Only we see Chucky smiling wickedly as he's dragged along by Andy: it's all going according to plan!

86 EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY 86

Kyle tinkers in the flower bed. Andy is sitting in the swing--his legs dangle over the edge, not reaching the ground--while "Tommy" is perched on a nearby log.

ANDY
Kyle, do you miss your mom and dad?

CONTINUED

86 CONTINUED 86

Kyle doesn't answer for a moment; it's obviously a sore subject.

KYLE
You can't miss someone you never knew.

ANDY
Where are they?

KYLE
I have no idea. My dad left before I was born. My mom put me up for adoption when I was three.

ANDY
Do you remember her?

KYLE
I made it a point to forget. It's easier that way.

Kyle tosses the shovel aside. Clapping her hands clean, she stands and approaches the swing.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Break time. Move over.

She sits on the swing. Andy leaps up and moves around to the back of the swing.

ANDY
Want me to push you?

KYLE
No thanks.

ANDY
Come on. It's fun.

He starts to push; Kyle begins to swing, back and forth, her feet SCRAPING the ground directly underneath--where we know Tommy to be buried.

86A OVER ON THE LOG - CHUCKY'S HEAD 86A

swivels in the direction of the SCRAPING, as if alarmed...

86B CHUCKY'S POV 86B

watching Kyle's feet SCRAPE away more and more dirt as she swings back and forth...

BACK TO SCENE--We know Chucky is worried as he stares at Kyle's feet, despite his bland, inanimate expression.

KYLE
Andy, come on. I just want to sit here.

ANDY
Too late! Here you go!

He pushes harder; Kyle begins to swing higher and higher.

KYLE
Andy, stop!

But she's already laughing, having fun despite herself, swinging higher and higher. With each arc, her feet SCRAPE the ground, in the spot where Tommy is buried, unearthing more and more dirt.

Chucky, inanimate, continues to stare. CAMERA MOVES, following his gaze, settling on the ground beneath the swing, where Kyle's feet SCRAPE away layers of dirt, where Tommy's grave secretly lies.

Phil appears at the back door and calls to the kids:

PHIL
Dinner! Come and get it!

Kyle leaps off the swing.

KYLE
Come on! I'll race you!

She runs off toward the house.

ANDY
No fair! You got a head start!

He takes off after her...only to stop dead in his tracks, his high spirits suddenly dashed, when he remembers the doll perched on the log. Andy reluctantly snatches "Tommy" up off the log, carelessly toting him as he trudges listlessly off toward the house.

CHUCKY'S POV--A topsy-turvy view as he's carried away by Andy, looking back at the ground in front of the swing, where Tommy's grave secretly lies.

87 OMITTED 87 (X)

88 EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT 88

The house basks in the moonlight. WIND whistles through the trees.

89 **OMITTED** 89 (X)

90 INT. ANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT 90

Andy lies sleeping now, the picture of peaceful innocence...while...

90A ACROSS THE ROOM, AT THE BUREAU 90A

a faint THUMP emanates from within; Chucky's drawer jars open a tad. Another THUMP; another tad. A plastic hand curls up over the top of the drawer...

CONTINUED

90A CONTINUED 90A

...and like a vampire rising from his coffin, the killer doll sits up, his eyes glinting with evil intent in the bluish glow of the night-light. His head swivels toward the sleeping boy. He smiles in devious anticipation.

91 INT. JOANNE AND PHIL'S ROOM - NIGHT 91

Joanne sits at her WHIRRING sewing machine, working away. * Phil emerges from the bathroom, comes up behind his wife, * and begins massaging her shoulders. Joanne takes her foot * off the pedal, stopping the machine. She holds up her work * for Phil to see: it's a blouse. *

JOANNE
For Kyle. Think she'll like it?

PHIL
What do I know about teenaged girls?

JOANNE
A lot more than you did three weeks ago.

PHIL
I'm not so sure.

He leans down and playfully nuzzles her neck. She giggles.

JOANNE
I was thinking we should get something for Andy, to help him feel more settled. Any ideas?

PHIL
How about a valium?

Joanne rolls her eyes, then takes a deep breath. *

JOANNE
Phil, that woman from the adoption agency * called today.

Phil pulls up a chair and sits beside his wife.

PHIL
And?

JOANNE
We were turned down again.

PHIL
What?

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED 91

JOANNE
There just aren't that many kids to be had. We're on the wait list.

PHIL
We've been on the damn wait-list for over a year. What more do we have to do? Did you tell them you quit your job, that you're cooped up in this house all day taking care of other people's children, and getting your heart broken every time they leave?

JOANNE
They know all that. We just have to wait like everybody else.

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED 91

PHIL
Yeah, well, I hate waiting. And I don't like seeing you go through this over and over.

JOANNE
Phil, in the meantime, I'm happy. Aren't you happy? We're making a difference in these kids' lives. Look at Andy. He's trying so hard to please us. I think he really likes us.

PHIL
I'm happy if you're happy.

JOANNE
I am. You'll see. Everything's going to be just fine.

92 INT. ANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT 92

ANDY'S EYES are shut, asleep. Suddenly they open, and glance about in panic. CAMERA WIDENS to reveal...

...Andy bound and gagged, each limb tied to a bedpost with sheets and blankets, a sock stuffed in his mouth to muffle his cries for help! Chucky sits perched on Andy's chest! Andy emits a muffled squeak of terror.

CHUCKY
Surprise!

Andy struggles to free himself, but he isn't going anywhere.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
Did you miss me, Andy? I sure missed you.

Andy quakes.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
I told you we're friends to the end. And now, it's time to play.

Chucky leans in toward Andy, bringing them face-to-face. Andy whimpers, certain of his doom.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
I've got a new game, sport. It's called "Hide the soul." And guess what? You're it.

CONTINUED

92 CONTINUED 92

With that, Chucky reaches out, extending a menacing hand toward Andy's face; Andy whimpers, and his eyes bulge with fear...

...and then, Chucky ceremoniously places his hand on Andy's forehead.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
Ade due Damballa...

Suddenly, there's a commotion just outside the window; Chucky, interrupted, whirls to see...a young girl's silhouette visible through the curtains. It's Kyle! She starts to open the window.

Snarling with rage, Chucky turns back to Andy, who's emitting muffled squeaks.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
(whispering)
This isn't over, you little shit. I'm not gonna spend the rest of my life as some plastic freak. The next time you're alone, you're mine. *

The window opens completely; a hand reaches in and parts the curtains, car keys dangling from one finger. Kyle crawls inside...only to be greeted by the bizarre sight of Andy, bound and gagged, with his doll perched on his chest.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Oh my God!

She rushes to the bed and immediately pulls the sock out of Andy's mouth.

ANDY
(shouting)
It's Chucky! Look out!

KYLE
Shut up! You'll wake Phil and Joanne!

She unties one of his hands; hysterical, he knocks Chucky to the floor.

ANDY
(shouting)
Kill him! Kill him!

KYLE
Andy! Stop it!

CONTINUED

92 CONTINUED (2) 92

The door flies open; Phil and Joanne come running in, flabbergasted by the bizarre situation.

PHIL
What the hell?

Kyle stands there, fully dressed, car keys dangling conspicuously from one hand. Beside her, Andy lies tied up in his bed. They're quite a sight. Phil waits for an explanation. Kyle gulps.

KYLE
You didn't have to wait up.

ANDY
It's Chucky! I told you he'd find me! He tried to take over my soul!

Phil sighs, exasperated. Joanne hurries to the bed and continues untying a hysterical Andy. *

ANDY (CONT'D) *
Let me go! Let me go!

JOANNE *
Andy, calm down.

Phil approaches Kyle. He holds out his hand; she gives him the keys. *

PHIL
I don't believe you, Kyle. You actually tied Andy up so he couldn't tell on you.

KYLE
Oh, come on, Phil, you don't really think I--

ANDY
Chucky did it!

JOANNE
Ssh. That's enough now.

PHIL
That does it.

Phil picks Chucky up off the floor and heads out of the room. Andy leaps out of bed.

ANDY
(calling after Phil)
But you've got to kill him!

CONTINUED

92 CONTINUED (3) 92

JOANNE
Andy!

Andy runs after Phil.

93 INT. STAIRWAY/FOYER - NIGHT 93

Phil comes down the stairs, carrying Chucky. Andy is fast on his heels.

ANDY
Please listen to me! I'm not lying!

Andy follows Phil into...

94 INT. KITCHEN 94

...where Phil pulls open the cellar door.

ANDY (CONT'D)
If you don't kill him, he'll come get me!

Phil is taken aback by Andy's extreme reaction to this doll. He tries to comfort the boy:

PHIL
Andy, calm down. I'm going to get rid of him. *

With that, Phil tosses Chucky down the stairs.

95 INT. CELLAR 95

Chucky tumbles ass-over-tea-kettle, landing with a THUD on the hard cellar floor.

A95A INT. KITCHEN A95A

Phil starts to swing the cellar door shut.

PHIL
(to Andy)
He's gone, okay? He can't bother you anymore.

B95A INT. CELLAR - NIGHT B95A

Way up at the top of the stairs, as if atop Bald Mountain, Phil slowly swings the door shut.

95A INT. CELLAR - NIGHT 95A

As darkness creeps over the cellar, Chucky stands... revealing blood trickling from his nose.

CONTINUED

95A CONTINUED 95A

He wipes a hand beneath his nose; his fingers come away crimson. Chucky stares at the blood, panicked and enraged.

CHUCKY
(to himself)
No! Not yet!

He stares hatefully up at an unwitting Phil. Darkness envelops Chucky as the door clicks shut.

96 EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY 96

Sunshiny morning. A newspaper THWAPS upon the front stoop; a Paperboy bicycles quickly past the house. *

The front door opens and Kyle and Andy emerge, toting book bags, dressed for school; Andy pauses, looking out at the morning with trepidation. *

KYLE
(heading down the walk)
Come on. We're late.

Andy starts out the door...

JOANNE (O.S.)
Andy!

...until Joanne comes running up behind him, carrying a brown paper bag.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
Don't forget your lunch.
(hands him the bag)
Egg salad.

Andy smiles. Joanne pats him on the butt as he heads on out after Kyle.

Phil comes hurrying out the door; Joanne, wearing slippers, walks her husband to his car in the driveway. They both walk listlessly, obviously tired.

PHIL
We haven't gotten a decent night's sleep since he got here, Joanne. If you ask me, that's cause for concern.

JOANNE
So what are you suggesting we do? Send him back?

CONTINUED

96 CONTINUED 96

PHIL
You don't have to make it sound so horrible.

JOANNE
Do you have any idea how traumatic that will be?

PHIL
For whom, Joanne? Him? Or you?

Taken aback, she just stares at him. Phil softens, contrite.

PHIL (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I didn't mean that. But I'm worried about you, hon. No matter what happens, he's going to leave us eventually. Kyle too. They don't belong to us.

JOANNE
I know that. Believe me, I know. I just wish I could help him. I wish I knew what we were doing wrong.

PHIL
Don't do that to yourself, Joanne. Don't do it to me. We can only do our best with them. We can't be responsible for a kid like Andy. He needs more help.than we can give him. *

He kisses Joanne good-bye and climbs into the car.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Think about what I said?

Joanne nods. Phil starts the engine; Joanne heads back inside the house. As Phil's car backs out, CAMERA MOVES IN on the ground-level cellar window: it's shattered, forced open.

97 ON THE SIDEWALK 97

Andy walks along with Kyle, nervously glancing back at the house.

CONTINUED

97 CONTINUED 97

KYLE
(pointing)
Whatever you do, don't act nervous. They'll smell a new kid a mile off. Act like you belong.
(noticing his glances)
What are you looking for?
(teasing)
Is it Chucky, coming to get you?

Andy says nothing. They approach a curbside bus stop, where several kids are already filing into a big yellow school bus. Before Andy climbs aboard, Kyle stops him.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Andy, how did you manage to tie yourself up like that last night?

ANDY
I already told you.

Kyle just looks at him.

KYLE
Get real.

ANDY
(bitter)
You're just like everybody else. You don't believe me, either. *

He climbs aboard the bus, leaving Kyle alone, looking rather concerned. Then a group of TEENAGERS approach.

TEEN
Kyle.

KYLE
(looking up)
Hi, Adam.

TEEN
Why'd you have to leave so early last night? You missed all the fun.

KYLE
Story of my life.

She heads off down the sidewalk with the other teens.

98 INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY 98

Andy boards the bus, passing the cranky old DRIVER, who pours himself a cup of coffee from a Thermos. CAMERA DOLLIES BEFORE Andy as he makes his way down the aisle, passing through a gauntlet of wary, unfriendly kids. Several kids carry "Good Guys" lunch boxes.

ANDY'S POV--moving through the gauntlet of children, approaching a vacant seat beside a tough-looking kid, RICK SPIRES. Rick, diddling a Good Guys yo-yo, immediately stretches his legs out across the length of the seat. Rick and a TOADY chuckle.

BACK TO SCENE--Andy gets the message. APPROACHING THE CAMERA, he heads to the very back of the bus and sits down, all alone, the unwanted new kid on the block. Then the CAMERA BOOMS DOWN, immediately revealing that we are...

99 EXT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY 99

...looking into the bus through the rear window, CAMERA BOOMS DOWN to reveal CHUCKY, perched casually on the rear bumper, peering into the bus. Then he turns away from the window, grinning mischievously, as the bus pulls into traffic. Then we hear a deafeningly loud, shrill WHISTLE....

100 EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - DAY 100

...and the WHISTLE is clenched between the teeth of a P.E. TEACHER, wearing sweats; he's standing on a blacktop in the playground, surrounded by rowdy, screaming first-graders playing kickball.

We're watching the rowdy kids from behind a chain link fence. Suddenly, the fence rattles. Then rattles again. CAMERA MOVES along the fence as it rattles at regular intervals...finally revealing Andy, all alone at the edge of the playground, as he methodically bounces a rubber ball up against the chain links. In the FOREGROUND, cheerful Kids * bicycle to and fro past the fence.

101 INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CORRIDORS - DAY 101

Long and empty. Shiny floors. Locker-lined walls. Overhead fluorescents. Eerie quiet prevails, except for the distant sound of screaming children on the playground.

102 ANOTHER CORRIDOR 102

A water fountain. A fire hose. Quiet.

103 ANOTHER CORRIDOR 103

Grade-school art tacked to bulletin boards. And quiet.

104 INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY 104

CAMERA is on a row of shelves at the back of the classroom, filled with myriad toys, books, games, building blocks, et al. Then, as CAMERA MOVES along the shelves, passing the sundry toys, we hear a PITTER-PATTERING, the sound of fleet FOOTSTEPS....

...CAMERA MOVES past the shelves, BOOMING down to floor level, MOVING along rows of empty desks, heading toward the front of the classroom....

...CAMERA reaches the TEACHER'S DESK, atop which a bunch of papers is scattered...we spot the name "ANDY BARCLAY" signed in a corner of one of the papers. Then CHUCKY'S HAND reaches into frame and grabs a nearby crayon, and as he starts to write on Andy's paper, CAMERA PANS UP to his devilish face, chuckling diabolically, revealing him sitting in the teacher's chair as he writes....

...CAMERA MOVES past Chucky, to the wall behind the desk, COMING TO REST on a big round clock which reads "1:30." Then, as we watch, we....

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

105 INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY 105

...the same clock, its hands magically shifted by the dissolve, now reading "2:55." As CAMERA MOVES back down toward the teacher's desk, retracing its previous movement, we hear the TEACHER'S VOICE:

MISS KETTLEWELL (O.S.) *
(reading)
'Pinocchio jumped for joy, shouting,
I'm alive! I'm alive!'

CAMERA CONTINUES MOVING DOWN, picking up the middle-aged teacher, MISS KETTLEWELL, sitting at her desk, reading from * a colorful children's edition of Pinocchio. Her desk is now neat as a pin, the formerly scattered papers now stacked. CAMERA CONTINUES MOVING as he reads....

MISS KETTLEWELL (CONT'D) *
'...Then Jiminy said to Pinocchio,
If you're very very good, and promise
to tell no lies, then you will become
a real, live boy...'

CONTINUED

105 CONTINUED 105

...MOVING toward the back of the room, CAMERA glides along the rows of desks, now filled with restless kids, whispering and passing notes. Then CAMERA PASSES Andy, sitting on the edge of his seat, completely attentive; the story has special meaning for him. Behind Andy, Rick Spires sits, whispering to his Toady, obviously hatching some nefarious plot....

...leaving the desks behind, CAMERA reaches the shelves at the back of the room, moving past the various games and toys, finally coming to rest on CHUCKY, perched there inconspicuously among the other play things, posing as the innocent doll.

CLOSE ON ANDY--as he listens to the story. Suddenly, an index finger THWACKS him painfully behind the ear! Andy spins around...and comes face-to-face with a grinning Rick Spires, seated right behind him. Andy fumes.

ANDY
Get lost, Microchip!

The class starts at Andy's outburst. Heads turn, including Miss Kettlewell's; she peers out over the top of her book with a stare that could turn flesh to stone.

MISS KETTLEWELL
Am I boring you, Andy?

ANDY
No, Miss..

MISS KETTLEWELL
Kettlewell.

ANDY
Kettlewell.

MISS KETTLEWELL
I have little patience for disruptive students.

ANDY
But--

MISS KETTLEWELL
Especially new students whose main concern should be getting on my good side.

Andy stares at the floor. Rick grins to himself in triumph.

Then, the BELL RINGS. Time to go home. The kids jump to their feet, chattering excitedly as they gather their belongings. Andy is excluded from their conversations.

CONTINUED

105 CONTINUED (2) 105

MISS KETTLEWELL (CONT'D) *
I want those desks spic-and-span
before anyone leaves.

CONTINUED

105 CONTINUED (3) 105

Andy does his share, clearing his desk of a number of storybooks and carrying them to a shelf-lined wall, where books and toys are stored. He starts to slide the books onto the shelves.

Pulling open a briefcase, Miss Kettlewell grabs the stack of math tests, about to stuff them into the briefcase. Andy's paper, at the top of the pile, catches her attention. Scrawled across the sheet in large, angry letters is the taunt: FUCK YOU, BITCH. Her eyes widen with rage.

Meanwhile, Andy's placing the last of his books on the shelves...when he notices CHUCKY perched there among the other toys! He gasps, recoiling, as:

MISS KETTLEWELL
Andy!

The kids cease their chattering. Andy turns to face the teacher.

MISS KETTLEWELL (CONT'D)
Come here!

He does as he's told, walking meekly to the front of the room. The other kids stare in dreadfully fascinated expectation. Miss Kettlewell holds the test paper before Andy.

MISS KETTLEWELL (CONT'D)
You think this is funny?

ANDY
I didn't do that.

The BELL rings again.

MISS KETTLEWELL
(to the class)
Go ahead, kids. Don't forget the spelling test tomorrow.

The children start stampeding out the door. Miss Kettlewell collars Andy and marches him back to his desk.

MISS KETTLEWELL (CONT'D)
Not you. Take your coat off and get comfy. You're going to be here for awhile.

ANDY
But I didn't do it! I swear!

CONTINUED

105 CONTINUED (4) 105

MISS KETTLEWELL *
No? Then who did?

Andy turns to Chucky, sitting on the shelf. Miss Kettlewell follows his gaze.

MISS KETTLEWELL (CONT'D) *
Don't even think about it.
(she strides toward the shelves and grabs Chucky)
No toys.

Carelessly lugging Chucky by the hair, Miss Kettlewell * carries the doll toward a narrow closed door.

Opening the door, she reveals a large walk-in STORAGE CLOSET cluttered with rubber kickballs, jump ropes, hanging uniforms, and other playground accessories. She tosses Chucky inside, then slams the door shut. She pulls out a key and locks the door, then turns to Andy.

MISS KETTLEWELL (CONT'D) *
Head down.

Andy complies. Miss Kettlewell turns and exits into a * corridor, closing the door after her.

106 INT. CORRIDOR 106

Miss Kettlewell decisively locks the door to the classroom; pocketing the key ring, she strides off down the hall.

107 INT. CLASSROOM 107

As soon as the teacher's gone, Andy gets up and walks apprehensively to the closet door. Kneeling, he puts his eye to the keyhole.

Through the skeleton keyhole, Andy peers into the dark closet, seeing nothing unusual. He presses closer, straining to get a better look...until A BIG BLUE MARBLE EYE suddenly appears, staring right back at him!

CHUCKY (O.S.)
Peek-a-boo!

Andy yelps, stumbling backward in shock. Scrambling to his feet, he bolts for the door to the corridor; twisting the knob, he finds it locked.

CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED 107

ANDY
Help! Help!

From inside the closet comes the sound of Chucky's voice -- calm, rational, and purringly friendly.

CHUCKY (O.S.)
Please let me out, Andy. It's dark in here.

Andy starts to pound on the door.

CHUCKY (O.S)
I'm tired of fighting. Let's make up and be friends again.

Andy pounds harder.

ANDY
Help me! Chucky's here!

Then comes the sound of Chucky POUNDING from inside the closet.

CHUCKY (O.S)
I promise I won't kill anybody else, okay? Now open the goddamned door!

Andy pounds on his door, while Chucky pounds on his own from inside the closet. Andy glances toward the closet door, terrified by the sounds coming from within.

CHUCKY (O.S., CONT'D)
Let me out, you little dick! *

The closet door budges with each of Chucky's blows; it's only a matter of time before it's forced open.

Desperate, Andy runs to a window. He tries to open it, but it's locked. He reaches up toward the lock, but it's too high for him. The POUNDING continues from inside the closet.

Andy grabs a chair and drags it to the window. He climbs up on the chair and twists the window's lock. As Chucky's frenzied POUNDING continues, Andy opens the window and squeezes through.

108 EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY 108

Escaping from the classroom, a panicked, terrified Andy climbs out of the window and takes off sprinting across the empty playground.

109 INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CLOSET - DAY 109

AN OVERHEAD SHOT--shows Chucky trapped in the dark, cell-like closet, pounding furiously on the door, the only illumination being the tiny shaft of light that seeps in through the keyhole.

CHUCKY
Let me the fuck out!

110 INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - DAY 110

Empty...until Miss Kettlewell appears from around a corner, walking down the deserted corridor, her FOOTSTEPS echoing off the walls. As she approaches her classroom, she hears an angry POUNDING coming from inside. Peeved, she unlocks the door.

111 INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY 111

The door opens and Miss Kettlewell enters...only to find Andy gone. A terrible POUNDING racket is coming from the closet. On the warpath, she approaches the closet.

MISS KETTLEWELL
Andy, I told you to stay in your seat. Come out of there.

She twists the knob: it's still locked.

MISS KETTLEWELL (CONT'D)
Andy, open this door right now.

No response. The thumping has ceased. Miss Kettlewell pulls out her key and unlocks the door, swinging it open with a CREAK...

112 INT. CLOSET 112

...stepping inside the dark closet, Miss Kettlewell sees no one, just shelves jam-packed with rubber kick balls, soft balls, jump ropes, hanging little league uniforms, etc.

MISS KETTLEWELL (CONT'D)
Andy, you come out this very second!

Determined to find Andy, she moves deeper into the closet, groping around in the dark, shoving cluttered toys aside. Nothing. Then she eyes the hanging uniforms; smiling shrewdly, she approaches the uniforms. She reaches out, slides the uniforms aside...revealing nothing.

CONTINUED

112 CONTINUED 112

MISS KETTLEWELL (CONT'D) *
Andy?

She frowns...and then a rubber KICK BALL suddenly falls from the shelves above her, hitting her on the shoulder, then bouncing to the floor with a rubbery BOING! Miss Kettlewell * jumps, startled, then sighs in relief as she stares down at the ball.

She bends over and picks up the ball. Then, she reaches up to put it back on the shelf...and with shocking surprise Chucky bursts out from within the folds of one of the little league uniforms, brandishing a cylindrical AIR PUMP!

CHUCKY
Class dismissed!

He thrusts the end of the pump at the screaming teacher, stabbing the sharp needle right into her solar plexus! The force of the blow sends her reeling back against a wall full of shelved kickballs--they fall bouncing to the floor --and then she pivots and goes sprawling back out the door into....

113 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY 113

...where she sprawls backward into a desk, overturning it as she crashes to the floor, scattering crayons and colorful construction paper across the slick linoleum.

Still on her rear, Miss Kettlewell looks down to find a * bloodstain burgeoning on the front of her dress. Whimpering, she looks up, just in time to see Chucky emerging from the darkness of the closet; he pauses in the doorway.

CHUCKY
You've been very naughty, Miss Kettlewell.

Then he reaches over to an adjacent blackboard and grabs a heavy wooden "Good Guys" yardstick.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
Time for me to teach you a lesson.

Wielding the yardstick, Chucky THWACKS it against his palm in a violent show of strength. Then he emerges from the closet doorway, slowly approaching Miss Kettlewell, who scrambles * backward on her rump, whimpering in pain and terror.

CONTINUED

113 CONTINUED 113

Her life's blood draining from her, Miss Kettlewell crawls down an aisle between parallel rows of desks, heading toward the window Andy had opened earlier. CAMERA TRACKS the teacher as she crawls along.

Over in the next aisle, beyond the row of desks, we see CHUCKY'S BLUE-JEANED LEGS keeping pace with the teacher. The yardstick, held in Chucky's hand, hovers at the top of the frame, THWACKING violently against each desk as Chucky walks along.

Miss Kettlewell approaches the open window, beyond which the playground beckons. Her hands reach up to the window, fingers curling up over the edge of the sill as she tries to pull herself up off the floor...and then the yardstick suddenly comes down hard on her knuckles with a WHACK!

Miss Kettlewell shrieks in pain, her hands dropping back down to the floor. Chucky looks down at the teacher, his face a mask of unmerciful fury.

He raises the yardstick into the air, poised to strike. Miss Kettlewell screams, raising one arm in a pitiful act of self-defense....

114 EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY 114

...and through the classroom window, we see the yardstick held aloft by a tiny plastic hand. Then the yardstick goes down like a hammer in a blur of motion, disappearing below the window frame, and we hear the sound of wood striking unresilient flesh--WHACK!--accompanied by Miss Kettlewell's agonized SCREAMS.

Then the yardstick appears in the window again, held high by the plastic hand. Down it goes again--WHACK!--then up, down, up, down...WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!..as Miss Kettlewell's SCREAMS continue on.

A SERIES OF CUTS takes us further and further away from the school, as Miss Kettlewell's SCREAMS become more and more distant, and finally, inaudible. The dead, dry leaves of autumn tumble about the playground, blown by the sighing WIND.

115 thru 116 OMITTED 115 thru 116 (X)

117 INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 117

Andy is sitting at the breakfast table, obviously still shaken, sipping a glass of milk. Joanne and Phil hover beside him.

PHIL
All right, Andy. What's this all about?

ANDY
Chucky followed me to school. He tried to get me again, so I ran home.

PHIL
(to Joanne)
Do you know what he's talking about?

JOANNE
His teacher called and said she was keeping him after school for detention. She said he wrote...an obscenity on his paper.

ANDY
Chucky did it!

Phil sighs; he's had enough. Putting a firm hand on Andy's shoulder, he ushers him out of the chair.

PHIL
All right. Come here.
(he marches Andy to the closed cellar door)
Andy, this is going to stop. I won't allow any more of this nonsense in my house. Now I want you to open the door.

JOANNE
Phil...

PHIL
Please, Joanne.
(to Andy)
Go ahead. Open it.

Andy stares at the forbidding door. He reaches out, twists the knob, and swings the door open with a CREAK...

117A A SHAFT OF LIGHT 117A

falls across the steep, rickety staircase, then across the dark cellar floor far below, across cobwebs and cluttered boxes...and finally, across Chucky, lying at the bottom of the stairs, exactly as he had when Phil had tossed him down there the night before.

117B PHIL 117B

PHIL
Look down there. Tell me what you see.

117C ANDY 117C

looks down into the cellar: sure enough, there's:

117D CHUCKY 117D

ANDY
It's Chucky. But--

PHIL
His name is Tommy, and he's been down there since last night. Hasn't he?

Andy, on the verge of tears, doesn't know what to say; he knows it's useless trying to convince Phil.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Hasn't he?

Andy says nothing; he just stares down at Chucky, as Phil looks to Joanne. He's very angry.

118 INT. JOANNE AND PHIL'S ROOM - NIGHT 118

Seen through the open door to their bedroom, Joanne and Phil are in the midst of a heated argument; they pace back and forth, occasionally disappearing from view as they stray away from the door, then appearing again.

PHIL
We're not keeping him.

JOANNE
You're overreacting.

PHIL
Overreacting? Yesterday, maybe. Today it's just common sense. I want him out of here tomorrow. *

JOANNE
Keep your voice down! He'll hear you!

Phil tries to calm himself. As the argument continues, CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES BACKWARD, away from the door and down the HALLWAY...

PHIL (O.S.)
(calming)
Joanne, he needs professional help.

JOANNE (O.S.)
Oh, stop pretending that you're worried about him. You never wanted him here in the first place!

CONTINUED

118 CONTINUED 118

PHIL (O.S.)
That's not true!

As they continue to shout at one another, CAMERA PULLS BACK through the open door into...

119 INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM 119

...where Andy sits on the floor, methodically bouncing a rubber ball, listening to Phil and Joanne's every word. Their arguing continues OFF-SCREEN.

Saddened by what he hears, Andy's surrounded by toys from the toy chest, Tonka trucks and cheery stuffed animals that mock his misery.

Kyle, leaning against the bathroom doorway, watches the unhappy scene. She moves into Andy's bedroom and closes the door to the hallway, blocking out the grown-ups' argument.

ANDY
They're going to send me away.

KYLE
It's not the end of the world. You'll be okay.

ANDY
(starting to cry)
Where will I go?

Kyle sits down next to Andy; she hugs him close in a comforting embrace.

KYLE
Andy, I've lived with dozens of different families. They always seem to send me away just when I'm getting comfortable. But you know what? *

ANDY *
What?

KYLE *
Every time it happens, it makes me stronger, because it reminds me that the only one I can count on is myself. You have to learn that now.

Composing himself, Andy looks Kyle straight in the eye, wiping his tears away.

CONTINUED

119 CONTINUED 119

KYLE (CONT'D)
I know it sounds rough. But believe me...you'll deal with it.

The oh-so-practical words chill Andy.

CONTINUED

119 CONTINUED 119

ANDY
It doesn't matter. Wherever I go, Chucky will find me.

Kyle looks at him, wishing there was more she could say.

120 EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT 120

The house is dark, except for a light which glows from the master bedroom. The WIND whistles through the trees.

121 INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 121

VARIOUS DRAWERS are pulled open, and an unseen hand hastily sorts through a variety of KNIVES, obviously searching for something extra special.

On the counter, a LARGE ELECTRIC CARVING KNIFE is plugged into an outlet, charging itself, its sharp silver blade gleaming in the moonlight. An unseen hand grabs the knife and switches it on; it VIBRATES, whirring lethally.

CAMERA WIDENS to reveal who's wielding the knife--it's ANDY, in his pajamas. Frightened, yet determined, he moves to the cellar door, carrying the WHIRRING carving knife.

122 INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CELLAR - NIGHT 122

At the top of the rickety stairs, the door opens. There stands Andy, heroically backlit by the light spilling in from the kitchen; small in stature, but determined and brave, he clutches the WHIRRING electric knife. He peers down into the dark cellar: Chucky is no longer at the bottom of the stairs.
? *
Andy glances up at the overhanging lightbulb; he reaches up * for it, but no cigar. Closing the kitchen door behind him, he peers down the stairs into the shadowy cellar, from the depths of which comes the droning sound of the DRYER. Andy calls down into the darkness:

ANDY
Come out, Chucky. Time to play.

He starts down the stairs, the WHIRRING knife held firmly at his side. The droning sound of the DRYER fills the room. Once at the bottom, Andy scans the entire cellar: Chucky could be hiding anywhere amidst the jumble of boxes and myriad bric-a-brac.

CONTINUED

122 CONTINUED 122

Outside, the WIND moans. A tree branch scratches against one of the tiny ground-level windows. Beams of light sweep through the windows as cars pass by outside, casting undulating shadows throughout the cellar. Each sweeping beam of light briefly illuminates the room's nooks and crannies. Was that something moving over there? Andy can't be sure; it's dark again.

Andy cautiously weaves his way through the clutter, constantly on guard against a surprise attack. He moves slowly past various antiques and knick-knacks: a stuffed bird, an old radio.

Then, as the headlights of a passing car outside sweep through the cellar, Andy hears a THUMP! He whirls in the direction of the sound...just in time to see an old BICYCLE fall over, as if someone had just run past and knocked it over. One of its wheels spin lazily. Andy moves toward the bicycle and several adjacent boxes, behind which Chucky might be hiding. *

Andy cautiously moves toward the boxes, knife ready. He sees, just behind the boxes, a hint of red. Is it hair? He moves behind the boxes...only to find a statue--the form of a red-haired man holding a lantern--the sort often found on lawns. Andy relaxes. *

Then he hears a CREAKING. He whirls...just in time to see, on the other side of the cellar, the washer lid fall CREAKILY and BANG shut, as if someone had just run past the washer and upset the lid. Beside the washer is the dryer, droning away, the sounds of tumbling clothes coming from within. Andy eyes the dryer suspiciously. Then, leading with the knife, he moves toward it. *

He kneels down before the dryer, slowly reaching toward the door...and suddenly there's a RUSTLING THUMP behind him! Andy whirls...and sees a TOWEL settling on the floor, having just fallen from the clothesline. *

Andy sighs, his back to the dryer...when suddenly there's a loud BUZZING behind him! He spins to face the dryer. It was just the buzzer that signals the end of the dryer's cycle.

With a deep breath, Andy again kneels down and reaches for the dryer door. Grasping the knob, he pulls it open...

...inside there's a thick jumble of clothing. Chucky could be hiding within. Andy reaches in and, with the point of the WHIRRING knife, he begins sorting through the clothes. His back is to the cellar. Only we see a hint of RED HAIR dart by in the background! Andy is oblivious as he searches within the dryer.

CONTINUED

122 CONTINUED (2) 122

Then, the CAMERA takes a TWO-FOOT-TALL POV behind Andy, slowly creeping up behind the boy, his back to us, as he kneels before the dryer, fishing inside. As CAMERA creeps inexorably toward him, a slight RUSTLING is heard, and from the way Andy's back suddenly tenses, it's obvious he's heard it, too. He knows something is behind him. As CAMERA MOVES right up to him, he turns, looking over his shoulder...

CONTINUED

124 INT. CELLAR - NIGHT 124

Andy and Chucky wrestle about at the base of the stairs; both reach for the VIBRATING knife.

Andy tries to crawl out from under the doll, inching toward the knife, but Chucky grabs the boy's ankles, pulling him back.

CHUCKY
Why fight it, Andy? We're going to be very close. In fact, we're going to be fucking inseparable. *

With a Herculean effort, Andy manages to grab the WHIRRING knife. He thrusts the knife back at Chucky, catching his arm with the pulsing blade!

Chucky yelps and bolts away, OUT OF FRAME. Andy spins around onto his back, wielding the WHIRRING knife, ready to face his opponent...

...but Chucky is nowhere to be seen. Andy glances about, frantically looking for his nemesis.

Then the door at the top of the stairs starts to CREAK open! Someone's coming.

The light bulb at the top of the stairs is switched on... revealing Phil standing there. Set to swinging, the bulb casts dancing shadows throughout the cellar.

PHIL
What the hell is going on down there?!

ANDY
Chucky's here! Stay back!

Phil peers down into the cellar and sees Andy there at the base of the stairs, wielding the WHIRRING electric knife. Looking concerned, Phil starts down the stairs very slowly, very deliberately.

PHIL
Andy, put down the knife.

ANDY
But I need it for--

PHIL
Just put it down, okay? We'll talk about it.

Andy switches off the knife. *

CONTINUED

124 CONTINUED 124

Under the stairs, SEEN BY NEITHER PHIL NOR ANDY, Chucky grabs a HOOKED FISHING GAF.

Then Chucky wields the makeshift hook, raising it toward the steps. Phil, descending slowly, is visible to Chucky through the spaces between the steps.

PHIL
Everything's going to be all right.

Chucky grins devilishly as he tracks Phil's descending feet with the hook, which is mere inches beneath Phil's bare feet, vulnerable through the slats. Phil is oblivious.

Suddenly Chucky thrusts the hook right around Phil's ankle! Phil yelps in shock. Caught off guard, he trips, CRASHING through the wooden railing...

PHIL'S POV--crashing through the railing, then plummeting toward the cluttered cement floor, far below...

BACK TO SCENE--as one of Phil's feet suddenly lodge between two steps, violently breaking his fall; his neck cracks against the underside of the staircase. Andy winces, averting his eyes.

Phil hangs there upside-down, dangling from the side of the stairs, neck broken, paralyzed, but still alive. Barely.

PHIL'S POV--an upside-down view of Chucky beneath the staircase, staring into Phil's face, very much alive, cackling with glee!

CHUCKY
How's it hangin', Phil?

BACK TO SCENE--as Phil stares in terrified disbelief at Chucky, who recedes into the darkness beneath the stairs, disappearing from view.

Then Phil's foot slips out of the steps and he falls to the floor with a THUD!

Joanne and Kyle appear at the top of the stairs. They're shocked by the sight of Phil, lying on the cellar floor, his head lolling at an unnatural angle.

JOANNE
No!

Joanne races down the stairs to the cellar floor, brushing past Andy, hurrying around to the side of the staircase where Phil is lying.

CONTINUED

124 CONTINUED (2) 124

KYLE
(calling from top of stairs)
Don't touch him! I'll call an ambulance!

Kyle disappears back into the kitchen.

Phil stares up at his wife, desperately trying to speak, unable to form any sound but a succession of inarticulate moans. He manages only a few more desperate moans...and then he rasps out one final breath, his eyes falling shut as he dies.

JOANNE
No, oh God, Phil, no...

Joanne sobs uncontrollably. Andy takes a step toward her, wanting to comfort her; she lashes out at him:

JOANNE (CONT'D)
Get away from me! Get away!

Andy recoils, stung by her hatred. *
*

125 EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT 125

HIGH SHOT shows the neighbors across the street gawking from their lawns. Then, as one curious neighbor starts to venture across the street, CAMERA CRANES with him, catching a COP CAR as it comes screaming at us from down the street, SIREN wailing, red lights flashing. The car pulls up in front of the Simpson house; a Cop jumps out and CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM as he hurries up to the front door. As the cop enters the house, Two Paramedics carrying a body bag emerge. They hurry PAST THE CAMERA with the body bag, as CAMERA CRANES STRAIGHT UP to a second-story WINDOW... *

126 INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 126

CAMERA pulls back from a window, catching Kyle as she watches Joanne, who's angrily pulling open drawers and throwing Andy's clothes into his suitcase; she goes about the task with a fierce determination, until finally she breaks down and begins to sob quietly, hiding her face in her hands. *

Kyle goes to Joanne and puts her arms around her.

CONTINUED

126 CONTINUED 126

JOANNE
I should have listened to him. He'd be alive now if I had only listened.

KYLE
Ssh. It isn't your fault.

Joanne slowly composes herself. Kyle zips up Andy's suitcase.

KYLE (CONT'D)
I'll take care of this.

Carrying Andy's suitcase, Kyle leads Joanne out of the room.

127 INT. FOYER - NIGHT 127

Kyle comes down the stairs, carrying Andy's suitcase. Andy waits, tearful and shaken, by the front door with Grace Poole.

GRACE
Andy, you'll be fine. You'll spend a few days with us at the center until we find you another family.
(turning to Kyle for help)
We've placed Kyle with a number of families. Things always seem to work out, don't they?

KYLE
Sure.
(handing the suitcase to Andy)
Here's your stuff.

Andy takes it without a word. Grace puts a comforting hand on Andy's shoulder.

GRACE
Come on, Andy. Let's go.

She opens the door; POLICE RADIO CHATTER can be heard from outside. Andy turns and looks back at Kyle. *

ANDY *
He's still down in the cellar, Kyle. Don't let him get you, too.

Kyle says nothing, just looks after him as Grace leads him outside and down the walk. Then Kyle closes the door and heads toward the cellar. *

128 INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CELLAR - NIGHT 128

Kyle comes down the stairs to find TWO COPS finishing up their investigation: they're snapping photos and filling out forms.

COP
(to Kyle)
We'll be out of your way in a minute here.
(flips through forms)
Did anyone besides the boy witness the accident?

Kyle ponders a moment, then glances toward the stairs: Chucky is sitting nearby, very conspicuous. Kyle looks at the doll * for a moment. Then she turns back to the cop.

KYLE
No.

COP
Okay.
(scribbles on form, then turns to other cop)
Let's go.

The cops head up the stairs. Kyle moves to the red sneakers; she slowly pulls Chucky out from beneath the staircase. She stares hatefully at the doll, the puzzling locus of everything that's gone wrong in her shattered world. Toting Chucky roughly by the arm, she heads up the stairs.

129 EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT 129

Kyle stands in the open doorway, holding Chucky, watching as the cops climb into their car and speed away. A few nosy neighbors still gawk from nearby lawns. Kyle closes the door.

130 EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT 130

Kyle pulls the lid off a trash can. She decisively tosses Chucky inside.

CHUCKY'S POV--looking up at Kyle, her face set in grim satisfaction, as she firmly replaces the lid, plunging us into DARKNESS.

CONTINUED

130 CONTINUED 130

BACK TO SCENE--as THE DARKNESS is broken by the sudden flare of A MATCH; Kyle brings it to the end of a Marlboro held between her lips. Lighting the cigarette, she drags gratefully.

Moving to the swing suspended from the tree branch, she sits down. Leaning back, closing her eyes, she swings slowly back and forth.

The swing CREAKS as it rocks beneath the old branch. WIND whistles through the leaves overhead. Kyle smokes. And smokes. As she swings back and forth, back and forth, her feet scrape the already frayed ground directly underneath.

The swing CREAKS, the WIND whistles.

Kyle's feet scrape the ground, unearthing more and more dirt.

Her back is to the trash can.

Finally, in mid-swing, Kyle's foot, scraping the ground, connects with something hard. She glances down...

...and sees a small red tennis shoe sticking out of the

ground. Curious, Kyle stands; she reaches down and grabs a hold of the shoe. She pulls, but it doesn't emerge easily: it's attached to something larger. She pulls harder...

...and unearths from a shallow grave, a battered, dirt-covered Good Guy doll, EARTHWORMS crawling out of the cracks in its face! *

TOMMY *
(winding down)
Hi, Iiiii'm Tooooooomeeeee.... *

Revolted, Kyle drops Tommy. She spins around...and spots the lid of the trash can, now ever so slightly ajar. *

Kyle can't believe her eyes. She creeps apprehensively toward the trash can, approaching oh so slowly. She reaches out and grabs the lid. Slowly, she lifts it away...revealing the trash can to be empty! Chucky is no longer inside!

Kyle's eyes widen in panic...and then CAMERA CRANES ABOVE her, MOVING STRAIGHT UP to a second-story window, from which we hear a mechanical WHIRRING...and we see SILHOUTTED behind a window shade, Joanne's form, sitting, bent over her sewing machine.

130A BACK TO KYLE 130A

as she stares up at Joanne's form in the window.

CONTINUED

130A CONTINUED 130A

KYLE
(calling up to her)
Joanne!

No response.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Joanne!

No response, just the incessant WHIRRING of the sewing machine as Joanne is bent over it, aparently working away. Panicked, Kyle hurries into the house.

131 INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 131

Kyle enters through the back door and slowly, cautiously, makes her way through the room, keeping an eye out for Chucky.

She pauses at a closet and opens the door: inside, fishing poles, back packs, and other such gear are stored. Kyle reaches up toward a shelf...and pulls down a mean-looking switchblade, flicking the blade open with a click. Then she heads for the living room and the stairs. *

131A INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/FOYER - NIGHT 31A *

Kyle enters from the kitchen, heading for the stairs, knife * ready.

132 INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - STAIRWAY/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT 132

Leading with the switchblade, Kyle creeps up the stairs. Outside, the WIND moans. Tree branches scratch against windows and cast long claw-like shadows upon the walls. As Kyle creeps upward, she begins to hear the high-pitched WHIRRING of Joanne's sewing machine.

KYLE
Joanne?

As she creeps up the stairs, she follows a long, long length of unravelled thread. Kyle pauses, but sees no one at the top of the stairs. She continues upward, passing a pin cushion.

She crests the top of the stairs, then slowly makes her way down the hallway, following the sound of the WHIRRING sewing machine. Approaching Joanne's room, Kyle reaches out and swings the door open with a CREAK...

133 INT. JOANNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 133

...Kyle enters, knife ready, to find Joanne SILHOUETTED in front of the window, bent over her sewing machine, her back to Kyle. Joanne's foot is flooring the pedal which keeps the machine WHIRRING. *

KYLE
Joanne?

No response from Joanne; the machine just keeps WHIRRING away. *

KYLE
Joanne!

No response. Kyle slowly approaches Joanne and the insanely WHIRRING machine. Creeping up from behind, she places her hand on Joanne's shoulder, and the faint movement is enough to jog the woman's foot off the pedal; the machine abruptly STOPS. *

Kyle spins the chair around... *

...revealing Joanne's face and neck wrapped tight in a strangling web of crisscrossing THREAD, like a bound roast, the thread cutting into her skin, one eye exposed and staring sightlessly from within the deadly cocoon!

Kyle screams, recoiling in horror.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Joanne...oh my God...

Trying to control a burgeoning case of the shakes, Kyle backs up to the bed and sits on the edge. She doesn't notice, RISING UP directly behind her, A FORM covered by the bedspread!

The rising form looms up behind the girl...and then there's the sound of TEARING as CHUCKY'S HANDS rip through the bedspread from underneath, revealing the doll's diabolical face!

Alerted by the sound, Kyle starts to turn around--but then Chucky leaps right through the hole in the sheet and onto Kyle's back! She screams. Chucky swiftly locks one arm around her neck in a tight stranglehold; with his free hand, he grabs at the switchblade she's holding. All the while, he bites away at her neck!

CONTINUED

133 CONTINUED 133

She tries to shake him off, desperately flailing about the room, then slamming back hard against A MIRRORED WALL behind the night table; the MIRROR SPLINTERS. The lamp topples and CRASHES to the floor. But Chucky's got the advantage; he won't let go. *

As Kyle labors for breath, they struggle for control of the knife. Chucky's got the upper hand: grabbing a hold of the switchblade's handle, his grip threatening to usurp Kyle's, he pulls the knife slowly, inexorably toward her face. Kyle's eyes go wide with terror, as she watches IN THE SPLINTERED MIRROR as Chucky brings the knife closer to her face. Chucky cackles in anticipation. *

As the knife draws ever closer to Kyle's face, she manages to reach down and grab the broken lamp up off the floor; with a Herculean effort, she SMASHES the lamp right smack in Chucky's face! He yelps in pain as the force of the blow sends him--and the switchblade--flying off Kyle's back.

Kyle collapses to the bed, her hands caressing her neck as she catches her breath. Then she glances down at the floor...and spots the switchblade lying there beside the bed. She reaches down for it...and suddenly CHUCKY'S HAND pops out from beneath the bed, swiping the knife, yanking it in under the bed!

Kyle screams, leaping up off the bed and recoiling...and backing directly into Joanne, knocking her off the chair! Kyle screams again. The body falls to the floor with a THUD, landing right on top of the sewing machine pedal, setting the machine to WHIRRING again!

At the shadowy floor level, Joanne's single visible eye seems to stare up at Kyle from within the cocoon of thread.

Recoiling, Kyle hugs the wall, slowly inching toward the door, all the way across the dark room. Chucky could be hiding anywhere along the way, just waiting to pounce: under the bed, behind a chair, in the closet.

Sticking close to the wall, Kyle inches slowly, deliberately along, constantly on guard against attack. *

Her eyes fixed on the bed, Kyle brushes past an open closet door, her back vulnerable to the closet's dark recesses; at the sudden lack of wall, she stumbles backward...and something suddenly falls on her from behind! She gasps, spinning around, lashing out with her arms--it's just a big black coat, which she'd knocked off a hanger. *

Kyle continues toward the door to the hallway, edging along the wall, almost there now. *

CONTINUED

133 CONTINUED (2) 133

Kyle reaches the door. Eyes glued to the bed, Kyle slowly backs out of the room into...

134 THE HALLWAY 134

...and with shocking surprise CHUCKY'S SNEAKERED FOOT juts out behind Kyle, tripping her! With a gasp, she slams to the floor on her back.

Immediately CHUCKY'S FOOT plants itself on Kyle's stomach; then the switchblade is held to her throat. Terrified, Kyle looks up...

...and sees Chucky standing over her, his expression furious, his nose streaming blood due to the blow from the lamp.

CHUCKY
You bitch. You hurt me.

Kyle quakes. Chucky reaches a plastic hand down toward her face; she gasps in fear.

KYLE
You don't want my soul. Believe me, it's worthless.

In a flash, Chucky yanks the bandanna off Kyle's neck. He holds the cloth beneath his bloody nose, like a tourniquet.

CHUCKY
I've got other plans for you. *
(gesturing with the knife)
Now get the car keys. You're taking me for a ride.

135 EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT 135

The Simpson's red station wagon speeds through the night.

136 INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT 136

Kyle's behind the wheel, a frightened driver under duress, held hostage by Chucky, who sits close beside her with the switchblade held tight against her ribs. He holds the bandanna to his nose. Kyle, terrified by calm, keeps casting sidelong glances at her kidnapper; she can't believe what's happening.

CONTINUED

136 CONTINUED 136

CHUCKY
How much farther?

KYLE
A ways.

CHUCKY
Step on it.

KYLE
What's the rush?

CHUCKY
Are you blind?
(shows her the bloody bandanna)
If I don't get out of this body soon, I'll be trapped in here.

He notices her glancing in disbelief at him.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
What are you looking at?

136A EXT. CHICAGO STREET - NIGHT 136A

The station wagon races through the night...passing a COP CAR parked on the side of the road. *

The cop car revs to life and races after the station wagon, SIREN wailing, red lights flashing. *

136B INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT 136B

The cop car roars up behind the station wagon, SIREN wailing, red lights flashing. *

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
Floor it!

KYLE
Get real! This is a station wagon.

CHUCKY
Shit! Pull over.

136C EXT. CHICAGO STREET - NIGHT 136C

The station wagon pulls to the side of the road. The cop car pulls up behind it. A uniformed POLICEMAN climbs out of the car and approaches the wagon. *

136D INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT 136D

Chucky clicks the switchblade shut, but holds the end tight against Kyle's ribs: all he has to do is press the button. He wipes his nose and tosses the bandanna to the floor.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
Behave yourself. I'll kill you if I have to.

The Policeman appears at Kyle's window, rapping on the glass. Kyle rolls the window down.

POLICEMAN
Let's see your driver's license, honey.

She pulls her license out of her purse and hands it to the cop. He looks it over.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
You were clocking sixty in a forty-five zone. What's the hurry?

Chucky gives Kyle a discreet, remindful poke with the switchblade.

KYLE
Uh, I've got a date.

POLICEMAN
You're going to have to do better than that.
(he notices Chucky)
Hey, that's one of those Good Guys, isn't it?

KYLE
(gulp)
Yes, it is.

POLICEMAN
I love these things.
(unable to resist, he leans in close to Chucky)
What's your name, fella?

Chucky has no choice but to play along: he slowly -- deliberately--turns to the cop.

CHUCKY
(with pronounced impatience)
Chucky.

CONTINUED

136D CONTINUED 136D

POLICEMAN
Wow. That's amazing, isn't it?

KYLE
I'll say.

And then Chucky's nose begins to drip blood. The Cop is frankly astounded...and a bit unsettled.

POLICEMAN
What the hell is that?

Kyle turns to Chucky; her eyes go wide when she sees the blood. Chucky's finger twitches on the handle of the switchblade. Kyle turns back to the cop.

KYLE
You've seen dolls that pee? This one bleeds.

The Cop nods slowly, taken aback. He steps away from the car.

POLICEMAN
What will they think of next?
(backing away)
Just drive a little slower, okay?

Kyle starts the car and drives on.

137 EXT. CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER - NIGHT 137

CAMERA PANS with an eighteen-wheel semi as it cruises through the night. It roars on by...revealing the CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER, dark, but for a few lights that burn in various windows. *

138 INT. CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER - ANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT 138

Andy is lying in bed, eyes red-rimmed and heavy, the covers pulled up to his chin. Grace tucks him in, then tenderly strokes his brow..

GRACE
You going to be okay?

Andy nods wearily.

GRACE
Okay, honey. Don't let the bed bugs bite.

CONTINUED

138 CONTINUED 138

She heads for the door, pausing to switch off the light, plunging the room into shadowy darkness. Then she leaves, closing the door after her with a solid THUMP...

...and as soon as she's gone, Andy throws the covers off, a bundle of nervous energy, revealing that he's fully dressed underneath--he's even wearing his shoes. He climbs out of bed, switches on the light, grabs a nearby chair, and pushes it up against the door. Then he scrambles back up onto the bed, hugging his knees, waiting...

139 OMITTED 139

140 INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT 140

Still holding the switchblade against Kyle, Chucky stands up on the seat and watches their progress through the windshield.

He dabs his bloody nose with the bandanna, then stares in alarm at the blood.

CHUCKY
Would it help if I got out and pushed?

As Chucky speaks, Kyle watches through the windshield, sees that they're approaching the CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER, far ahead. She casually buckles up her seat belt. Chucky doesn't notice.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
Come on! Step on it!

KYLE
We'll get stopped again. Cops are crawling all over the place this time of night.

She casts a furtive glance at Chucky, standing precariously atop the seat, unbelted.

CHUCKY
Just shut up and drive, before I kick your fucking teeth in. *

CONTINUED

140 CONTINUED 140

He's caught off guard as Kyle suddenly--deliberately-- slams on the brakes, bringing the car to a SCREECHING halt.

140A EXT. CHICAGO STREET/STATION WAGON - NIGHT 140A

Chucky is shot forward like a cannon ball, CRASHING through the windshield in an explosion of glassy shards! He bounces painfully off the hood, falling off the front of the car to the ground, disappearing from sight.

141 OMITTED 141

142 INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT 142

Momentarily dazed, Kyle gets her bearings. She looks up, peering out through the shattered windshield at the hood of the car, and at the road beyond. Chucky is nowhere to be seen.

Kyle keeps staring, apprehensive...and then with shocking surprise Chucky pops up into view at the front of the car, evidently standing on the bumper, face smudged, forehead cut, and wielding the knife! Kyle gasps. Chucky is pissed.

CHUCKY
You goddamn women drivers.

He starts to climb up onto the hood.

Kyle floors the accelerator; the car bolts forward.

143 EXT. CHICAGO STREET/STATION WAGON - NIGHT 143

The station wagon, with Chucky standing on the front bumper, holding onto the hood for dear life, comes zooming toward CAMERA.

144 INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT 144

Rocketing forward, with Chucky clutching the front of the car, howling in furious protest, Kyle steers toward a BRICK WALL at the side of the road.

145 EXT. CHICAGO STREET/STATION WAGON - NIGHT 145

The station wagon, with Chucky holding onto the front, zooms toward the brick wall at the side of the road...but

CONTINUED

145 CONTINUED 145

then the front tires connect with the curb, jolting the car to a sudden stop a few feet before it reaches the wall. Chucky goes flying off, crashing backwards against the brick wall, then falling out of sight.

145A INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT 145A

Kyle looks through the shattered windshield: she can't see Chucky. She shifts into "REVERSE" and hits the accelerator.

145B EXT. CHICAGO STREET/STATION WAGON - NIGHT 145B

The station wagon ROARS backward several yards, dropping off the curb, zooming back out onto the road, then SCREECHES to an abrupt halt.

145C INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT 145C

Kyle now sees Chucky, getting to his feet at the base of the wall up ahead. Caught in the glare of the headlights, Chucky looks up, squinting. He's directly in Kyle's path; she shifts into "DRIVE" and floors it.

145D EXT. CHICAGO STREET - NIGHT 145D

CHUCKY'S POV--the station wagon comes vrooming toward him, an automotive beast with glowing headlights for eyes.

KYLE'S POV--as the car hurtles forward toward Chucky before he can dart away. His eyes go wide with horror.

OBJECTIVE SHOT--just as the car bears down on him, Chucky throws himself to the ground, lying flat; the car roars over him without even touching him.

...and CRASHES right into the brick wall.

146 INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT 146

Kyle cracks her head on the steering wheel. The engine dies.

Dazed, Kyle turns the ignition; the starter chugs but refuses to catch.

She glances about through the windows: Chucky is nowhere to be seen. Panicked, Kyle desperately tries the starter again; same result.

CONTINUED

146 CONTINUED 146

Terrified, she turns and looks out the windows again: sure enough, Chucky is gone. But peering out into the night, Kyle can make out the CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER, just a little ways up the street.

KYLE
Andy.

She knows she has to get there before Chucky does. Very carefully, she opens the door...

147 thru 148 OMITTED 147 thru 148

149 EXT. CHICAGO STREET - NIGHT 149

...and she places one tentative foot on the ground. Leaning out of the car, Kyle sees that the coast is clear, then climbs out, standing....

...and with shocking surprise she comes face-to-face with Chucky, standing on the roof of the station wagon! He thrusts the knife up against her throat. Kyle gasps, then freezes.

CHUCKY
(furious)
Playtime's over.

Kyle is trapped.

150 OMITTED 150

150A INT. CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER - ANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT 150A

Andy sits on the bed as before, still awake, apprehensive, just waiting for something to happen... *

...and then an ALARM begins to shrilly scream. Andy remains on his bed for a moment, eyes wide with creeping panic. He knows that something is up. Then he scrambles off the bed. *

150B EXT. CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER - NIGHT 150B

Various lights wink on as the ALARM screams into the night. CAMERA TILTS DOWN to reveal the front door, slightly ajar.

154 INT. CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY/STAIRCASE - NIGHT 154

Doors fly open and kids wearing pajamas come swarming out of their bedrooms into the hallway.

KIDS
Fire drill! Fire drill! Yay!

The kids sprint down the hallway. Andy walks slowly in their midst.

CAMERA TRACKS behind Andy as he makes his way slowly down the hallway, as all the other kids hurry past him and down a long, winding staircase toward the ground floor. CAMERA CONTINUES TO TRACK behind Andy as he approaches the top of the staircase....

...finally revealing Kyle, standing down at the base of the stairs, holding Chucky.

154A INT. CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER - STAIRCASE AND FOYER - NIGHT 154A

CAMERA looks over Kyle and Chucky's shoulders, as kids come swarming down the stairs, as Andy appears up at the top. He freezes.

154B INT. CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY/STAIRCASE - NIGHT 154B

Andy's eyes are wide with fear as he looks down at Kyle and Chucky at the base of the stairs. The hordes of kids running past have no idea of the impasse that's shaping up. The last of the kids filter down the stairs; Andy starts to back away....

...until Grace Poole suddenly appears behind him, stopping him.

GRACE
Andy. Where are you going? We've got to get out of the building.

Andy says nothing, just stares down at the base of the staircase. Grace follows his gaze, spotting Kyle at the bottom of the stairs, holding Chucky.

GRACE
Kyle?

Taking Andy by the hand, Grace, puzzled, escorts the boy down the long, winding staircase.

CONTINUED

154B CONTINUED 154B

ANDY'S POV--as he descends, slowly winding his way down toward Kyle and Chucky at the bottom of the stairs. Kyle stands absolutely still, apparently scared stiff.

BACK TO SCENE--Andy, still descending, is terrified, too.

155 INT. CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER - STAIRCASE AND FOYER - NIGHT 155

Andy and Grace finally reach Kyle and Chucky at the base of the stairs.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(to Kyle)
What are you doing here, Kyle?

Kyle says nothing. Then Grace notices, on a nearby wall, A BROKEN FIRE ALARM BOX. Grace looks back to Kyle, eyes narrowing in anger. *

GRACE (CONT'D)
You did this, didn't you?

KYLE
(nodding toward Chucky in her arms)
He did it.

Grace sneers. She ushers the kids into an adjacent office.

GRACE
Get in my office.

156 INT. CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER - GRACE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 156

Grace ushers them into the office, leaving the door open. She turns to Kyle.

GRACE
(pointing at Chucky)
Is this your idea of a joke?

Chucky discreetly pokes Kyle with the closed switchblade, hidden from Grace's view. Kyle and Andy remain silent, fearing for all their lives.

Suddenly, Grace grabs Chucky away from Kyle.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Give me that.

CONTINUED

156 CONTINUED 156

KYLE
No!

Grace has no idea what Kyle's so riled about...but then she sees the closed switchblade handle, clutched in Chucky's hand! She's completely puzzled, then increasingly angry... until Chucky's features suddenly burst into expressive life and he speaks:

CHUCKY
Amazingly life-like, isn't it?

Grace can't belive her eyes...and then in a flash, Chucky springs to life in her hands, flicking the switchblade open with a loud CLICK, stabbing right into the woman's gut! Grace's eyes go wide with shock and pain.

The kids scream. Grace gasps, heaving for breath, stumbling backward, as Chucky hops out of her hands and drops to the floor.

Stumbling backward, Grace spins around and slams face-first onto the copy machine, the weight of her body hitting the "COPY" button. We hear the electronic "CHING CHING" of the machine as it springs to life with pulsing flashes of light, casting a STROBE-LIKE EFFECT through the room...

Kyle grabs Andy's hand.

KYLE
Come on!

She pulls him toward the door, their movements rendered in SLOW MOTION by the STROBING copy machine. Kyle darts through into the corridor...but then CHUCKY'S RED SNEAKER kicks the door shut, separating the kids' hands. The door slams shut, leaving Kyle out in the corridor, blocking Andy's escape. Holding the switchblade up against Andy's throat, Chucky locks the door.

Chucky is standing there, holding the switchblade to Andy's throat. From the other side of the door comes the sound of Kyle's POUNDING.

CHUCKY
Okay, sport, we're going to have a little game of "Chucky Says."

OFF SCREEN, SIRENS wail as fire trucks pull up outside. Chucky glances across the room toward a window; the fire trucks' flashing red lights strobe through the window into the room.

CONTINUED

156 CONTINUED (2) 156

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
(nodding toward the window)
Chucky says, "Move your ass."

Andy seems not to hear: he's staring, as if paralyzed by fear, at Grace, still barely alive, gasping as she's slumped over the top of the copy machine, clinging to the edge. Finally, she wheezes out her final breath; it comes rasping out in one long moan as she slides slowly back across the top of the copy machine, which spits out copies of her dead, horror-stricken face! She collapses to the floor. *

Chucky reaches up and slaps Andy across the face. *

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
Snap out of it! You act like you've never seen a dead body before!

Andy starts toward the window. *

157 INT. CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER FOYER - NIGHT 157

Kyle keeps BANGING on the door.

KYLE
Andy! Open the door!

She continues to pound on the door.

158 OMITTED 158 *

159 EXT. CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER - NIGHT 159

A child's toy fire truck, lying in the driveway, is CRUSHED by the massive tire of a real fire truck as it pulls up in front of the building.

SIRENS wail and red lights flash as the fire trucks arrive. Firemen jump out of the trucks, unraveling hoses, dashing into the building. Scores of kids in pajamas, congregated on the lawn, cheer and holler like it's the Fourth of July. One little boy wanders in the midst of the commotion, wailing his little heart out, apparently lost.

160 INT. CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER - FOYER - NIGHT 160

Picking the lock with a bobby pin, Kyle finally hits paydirt: the lock springs open; Kyle hurries into the office.

161 INT. CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER - GRACE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 161

Kyle enters to find Andy and Chucky gone; the window stands conspicuously open, curtains blowing in the breeze. Kyle hurries through the window and outside.

161A INT. CUBE VAN/EXT. CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER - NIGHT 161A

The DRIVER pulls the van to a stop as he approaches the commotion surrounding the Crisis Center: fire trucks and a crowd of children are blocking the way.

162 EXT. CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER - NIGHT 162

Andy emerges from the side gate; Chucky rides on his back, one arm curled around the boy's neck as he holds the switchblade to his throat. They go unnoticed by the chaotic multitudes congregated out front

Chucky spots the CUBE VAN blocked by the commotion, exhaust fumes farting into the night air. The open back of the van beckons.

CHUCKY
Inside. Hurry.

Andy heads for the van.

163 BACK TO KYLE 163

As she emerges from the side gate. She sees, out on the street, Andy and Chucky climbing into the back of the van.

KYLE
Andy!

She races toward the back of the van, just as it slowly starts to make its way around the commotion. Kyle sees Andy inside with Chucky on his back, the knife held to his throat, as the van recedes.

KYLE
Stop!

No dice; the driver doesn't hear her. She sprints toward the gradually receding vehicle, but it's too late. She sees Chucky grinning out at her triumphantly as they zoom away.

Laboring for breath, Kyle turns around and runs back down the street in the opposite direction, heading for the station wagon, still sitting by the wrecked wall. *

CONTINUED

163 CONTINUED 163

The flashing red lights from the nearby fire trucks highlight the desperation on her face.

Arriving back at the station wagon, she flings the door open and jumps inside.

164 INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT 164

Kyle turns the ignition; the starter chugs but fails to catch. She tries again; same result. She tries once more; the ENGINE fires.

Kyle puts the wagon into "REVERSE" and floors the gas.

165 EXT. CHICAGO ROAD OUTSIDE CHILDREN'S CRISIS CENTER - NIGHT 165

The station wagon rockets backward, away from the wrecked wall and back onto the road, SCREECHING to an abrupt halt. Then the wagon races forward, zooming down the road in the direction of the van. *

166 INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT 166

Kyle floors the accelerator; the car races ahead. She peers out through the windshield into the night, finally spotting the van, far ahead, as it disappears around a corner.

Kyle races after the van. She spins the wheel wildly, and the car SCREECHES around the corner...just in time to see the van turn <u>another</u> corner, far ahead.

Kyle zooms after the van, SCREECHING around the second corner...only to find nothing. The van is gone.

Kyle brakes. She glances about for some sign of the van. She sees nothing.

Then, peering down an alleyway that cuts across the block to a parallel street, she gets a quick glimpse of the van racing down the parallel street in the opposite direction.

Kyle steps on the gas, steering into the alley.

167 EXT. CHICAGO STREET AND ALLEY - NIGHT 167

The station wagon roars down the alley toward the parallel street, SLAMMING aside trash cans, SPLASHING through puddles.

168 INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT 168

Kyle rockets out of the alley and steers out onto the parallel street. The van is up ahead. Kyle floors the gas.

169 INT. BACK OF CUBE VAN - NIGHT 169

Chucky, still on Andy's back and holding the switchblade to his throat, reaches around with his free hand and places it on the boy's forehead.

CHUCKY
Say your prayers, Andy. *

Then, a wash of glaring headlights suddenly shoot into the back of the van, interrupting Chucky. He squints out into the night...and spots the swiftly approaching station wagon, its HORN BLARING.

CHUCKY
God damn it!

170 INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT 170

Kyle races directly behind the van. She sees Chucky on Andy's back, raising his hand into the air and flipping her the finger.

Kyle accelerates and veers to the left, pulling up alongside the van, repeatedly punching the HORN. The van's driver looks over to Kyle.

KYLE
Stop!

The van's driver looks puzzled; he evidently can't hear her. He mouths "What?"

KYLE
Pull over!

The driver still can't hear her; he starts to roll down his window. But Kyle isn't taking any chances. She floors the gas and rolls the wheel over to the right.

171 EXT. CHICAGO STREET - NIGHT 171

The station wagon shoots out directly in front of the van, blocking its path, the van SMASHES into the station wagon.

171A KYLE 171A

jumps out of the car and immediately sprints toward the back of the van. She rounds the rear corner of the van...

...and looks into the back: it's empty.

KYLE
No!

Racing away, she rounds the rear corner of the van again...

...and suddenly comes face-to-face with the Driver, who grabs her! She gasps.

DRIVER
Whoa! Just what the hell do you think you're doing?

Kyle struggles to get free.

KYLE
Let me go!

She slips out of his grasp and runs around to the back of the van...

...which she finds empty.

Kyle glances about desperately.

KYLE'S POV (LONG LENS)--of Andy, with Chucky on his back, running across the street toward some building. Her view of Andy is flashingly interrupted by crisscrossing eighteen-wheelers, ROARING up and down the road.

BACK TO SCENE--as Kyle takes off after Andy, leaving the furious driver behind.

DRIVER
Crazy bitch!

The station wagon's radiator suddenly HISSES steam into the air; it's taken all the abuse it can ever take.

172 WITH KYLE 172

As she races across the street after Andy, heedless of oncoming traffic, a car SCREECHES and swerves to avoid hitting her, HORN blaring, headlights glaring. Kyle just keeps on running....

173 OMITTED 173

174 WITH ANDY AND CHUCKY 174

Chucky's still on Andy's back, holding the knife to his throat.

As they hurry along, CAMERA CRANES UP to reveal the mammoth, looming "PLAY PALS" sign, with its gigantic mechanical Good Guy perched at the top, waving playfully to the world. Now we know where we are....

174A EXT. PLAY PALS COMPLEX - NIGHT 174A

Andy and Chucky approach a huge WAREHOUSE, where a roaring eighteen-wheeler is just pulling away from an electronic door that is starting to slide shut. Andy pauses momentarily as the truck roars by.

Once the truck has pulled away, Andy heads toward the electronically sliding door, slipping inside the warehouse with Chucky; the door continues to slide shut.

175 WITH KYLE 175

as she comes running up toward the warehouse. She sees the electronically sliding door; it's almost shut. She sprints toward the door and, like Indiana Jones, slips inside just in time; the door SLAMS shut right after her.

176 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 176

Andy, with Chucky still on his back, comes running through the vast, dark warehouse, gradually slowing to a walk. In the distance, chugging MACHINERY can faintly be heard. Andy and Chucky stare at something OFF SCREEN, all around them. They're both breathless...

CHUCKY
We're home.

...they're dwarfed by stacks of boxed Good Guy dolls, hundreds of them, all waiting to be shipped out across the country. The dolls preside over the warehouse like Gods, smiling their inscrutable smiles from within their cardboard coffins.

In the bluish nocturnal light, the warehouse has the hushed, sacred atmosphere of a temple, an archaeological time capsule for a race of two-foot-tall, red-haired men, and their infantile artifacts.

Chucky turns to Andy.

CONTINUED

176 CONTINUED 176

*

He suddenly strikes Andy's head with the handle of the switchblade; Andy crumples to the floor, unconscious. Chucky deftly hops to the floor. He stashes the knife inside his overalls.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
"Close your eyes and count to seven.
When you wake, you'll be in heaven."

He cackles, then rolls Andy over onto his back. He pauses, catching his breath; this is the moment he's been waiting for. Chucky tilts his head back, looking up in triumph at the hundreds of dolls, whose ranks he now intends to leave.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
This is it, world. From now on, no more Mr. Good Guy.

And then, he ceremoniously places his hand on Andy's forehead.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
Ade due Damballa...give me the power, I beg of you!

177 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 177

Thick, angry clouds roil above the warehouse. Lightning flashes and THUNDER booms.

178 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 178

Chucky continues to chant, his voice rising to rival the cacophony of the THUNDER and lightning:

CHUCKY
Leveau mercier du bois chaloitte,
secoise entienne mais pois de morte!
Morteisma lieu de vocuier de mieu
vochette. Edenlieu pour du boisette
Damballa!

The storm rises to a fever pitch, THUNDER and lightning obliterating all other sights and sounds. And then, it stops completely.

CONTINUED

178 CONTINUED 178

Andy lies there, unconscious, as utter silence prevails. Then, the boy opens his eyes, remaining very still, betraying no emotion. Is this, in fact, Andy? Or has Chucky's soul taken over?

Suddenly, a red drop PLOPS on Andy's forehead. Then another. And another. The boy's eyes dart askance, in order to see what's happening. Another red drop falls toward Andy's face...

...but this drop is intercepted by a cupped, plastic hand. Chucky's hand. Chucky brings his hand close to his own face, the better to get a look at the puzzling drop...

...and now we see where the drops are coming from: Chucky's nose is bleeding again. He wipes a finger beneath his nose, leaving a dark red smear. He stares at the blood, confused, and gradually, enraged.

The CAMERA LOOMS high above Chucky, looking down on him, mocking him, as he lifts a fist into the air, and bellows in unprecedented fury:

CHUCKY
NOOOOOOOOOO!

Andy, terrified, starts to slide away on his butt.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
You little shit! Do you know what you've done? It's too late! I've spent too much time in this body! I'm fucking trapped in here! *

Enraged, he whips out the switchblade; the sharp blade flashes open with a click. Moving toward Andy, Chucky lifts the knife up, poised to strike...when a dozen BOXED GOOD GUY DOLLS suddenly fall on him from above, slamming him to the floor, burying him!

Andy looks up: it's Kyle, standing on a ledge directly overhead, holding an empty crate from which she'd dumped the boxes.

KYLE
Andy! Run!

Andy scrambles to his feet and bolts away; disappearing around a corner of one of the stacks.

CAMERA MOVES in on the pile of dropped boxes, as CHUCKY'S FIST suddenly thrusts up into the air from underneath, knocking the boxes aside.

178A WITH ANDY 178A

Running down the aisle flanked by towering stacks of boxed Good Guy dolls, he passes a ladder...just as Kyle hops down off the ladder from above.

KYLE
Andy!

He stops, turns, sees her there.

KYLE (CONT'D)
This way!

She takes his hand and they take off running down another aisle, disappearing around a corner, in search of a way out.

179 WITH THE KIDS 179

We STEADICAM with Kyle and Andy as they hurry through the labyrinth of boxes, each endless, narrow aisle leading to yet another endless, narrow aisle as the kids turn a succession of sharp corners. CAMERA GLIDES swiftly along, skimming past cardboard box fronts with arched cellophane windows, from behind which a legion of Good Guy dolls stare silently out at the passing children.

The kids race along through the maze...and then with shocking surprise Chucky bursts out of a floor-level box directly in their path, ripping through the cellophane front, leaping out onto Andy, tackling his legs, knocking him to the floor! He raises the knife, about to stab the boy...

...and Kyle KICKS Chucky square in the head, punting him like a football, sending him and the knife flying through the air, crashing into a wall of boxed dolls; the boxes come tumbling down.

Kyle hustles Andy down the aisle and around a corner...

...where they meet a dead end: directly before them, the open mouth of a CONVEYOR BELT awaits. Boxed dolls are rolling in from some other part of the complex, barely visible through an opening in the wall. The conveyor is enclosed on either side and overhead by chain-link fencing, ensuring that the boxes gliding along don't topple over the side before they reach a receptacle at the conveyor belt's mouth.

The kids stand before the open jaws of the conveyor, peering in at the monstrous tongue that is the rolling belt. Then,

CONTINUED

179 CONTINUED 179

they hear FOOTSTEPS approaching behind them; glancing back, they see CHUCKY'S SHADOW, KNIFE UPRAISED, appearing from around the corner, falling imposingly across the floor. They're trapped.

KYLE
This way!

She hustles Andy into the waiting jaws of the conveyor; they climb up onto the belt, which is rolling toward them. Swimming upstream toward the opening in the wall, pulling themselves along by grabbing a hold of the chain-link fence for support, they try to fight their way past the constant flow of boxes that are rolling back into the warehouse. It's like trying to climb up a "down" escalator.

Just as the kids reach the opening, Andy trips on a box, losing his grip on the fencing, falling flat on the rolling conveyor; he's immediately whisked back toward the mouth of the conveyor belt.

ANDY'S POV--as he glides back toward the mouth of the conveyor...where Chucky suddenly pops up from the floor into view, brandishing the knife, ready and waiting to stab the approaching boy!

BACK TO SCENE--as Andy desperately tries to scramble back up the conveyor belt toward Kyle.

Kyle has made it through the opening; she reaches back through the hole toward Andy. Andy crawls toward her, clawing at the chain-link fence for leverage, fighting past the oncoming boxes; behind him, Chucky climbs up onto the conveyor and crawls along the belt toward the boy, STABBING at the running belt for leverage--the knife stabs repeatedly just inches behind Andy's feet!

Andy reaches forward desperately, grabbing Kyle's outstretched hand; she pulls him forward, through the opening...

180 INT. DOLL ASSEMBLY FACTORY - NIGHT 180

...and Andy joins Kyle in the factory on the other side, where a large roomful of machinery is chugging away with a mechanical relentlessness.

The endless stream of boxed dolls, flowing past the kids and out into the warehouse, is coming from this room; the conveyor belt stretches deep inside the factory, rolling out from the doll's origins somewhere within.

CONTINUED

180 CONTINUED 180

Kyle and Andy hop off the conveyor belt, just as Chucky starts to crawl through the opening. One hand curls around the edge of the opening, grasping it for support; the other hand stabs wildly at the conveyor belt, knocking the oncoming boxes aside.

Kyle spots a wire-mesh grating, now in the open position, just beside the opening to the warehouse. Thinking fast, she hurries to the grating, undoes the latch...and then SLAMS the grating shut, DEADBOLTING it, covering the opening...and catching Chucky's hand!

180A JUST ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WIRE-MESH - CHUCKY 180A

screams in pain, his hand caught, his wrist bleeding. With all his might, he tries to yank his hand free, but it won't budge. He tries to kick the grating open; no dice. He bellows in pain and frustration.

The rolling boxes start to bunch up at the closed grating, several falling off the side of the conveyor belt. (NOTE: THE CONVEYOR BELTS IN THE FACTORY ARE NOT BORDERED BY CHAIN-LINK FENCING.)

180B THE KIDS 180B

hurry away, leaving:

180C CHUCKY 180C

pinned to the wall.

CHUCKY
(calling through the grating)
I'm gonna get you fuckers!

He jiggles his arm maniacally, trying to wrench his hand free. No dice.

Using his free hand, Chucky desperately wedges the sharp blade of the knife into the tight space between grating and frame, trying to pry it open. He groans with the effort, as the grating begins to budge...but

then the handle of the knife BREAKS OFF, leaving the blade stuck between grating and frame. Chucky yelps in frustration.

CONTINUED

180C CONTINUED 180C

Then, with a burst of manic strength, Chucky, screaming in agony, pulls his arm until it tears apart at the wrist, plastic skin ripping, leaving him with a raw bloody stump, and leaving the hand itself caught in the grating, wires dangling from its wrist!

CUT TO:

181 thru 182 OMITTED 181 thru 182 *

183 MACHINE #2 - A MYSTERIOUS MOLDING MECHANISM 183

which, with bursts of HISSING steam, SPITS plastic flesh-colored doll heads--eyeless and bald--onto a stream of nude torsos gliding along on the conveyor belt underneath.

184 MACHINE #3 - A FIENDISH X-SHAPED MECHANISM 184

The conveyor belt carries limbless dolls up a steep incline toward this machine, which contracts violently upon each entering doll, one at a time, as if pulverizing them; when the machine expands, the dolls emerge from the other side with arms and legs. Then the conveyor belt carries them back down to floor-level, where they continue on their evolutionary journey.

185 OMITTED 185

185A MACHINE #4 - A PAIR OF LETHAL PRONGS 185A

One at a time, the dolls pause before the twin prongs; in a flash, the prongs STAB at the dolls' eyeless faces. They come away staring us down with big baby blues.

186 OMITTED 186

186A MACHINE #5 - A SINISTER STAPLE GUN 186A

which descends onto the bald heads as the dolls pause, one at a time; the gun savagely STAPLES tufts of red hair into the plastic scalps. Then the dolls glide on, sporting the familiar Good Guy bowl cut.

CUT TO

187 THE KIDS 187

as they approach the CAMERA, desperately searching for a way out. They pause before the CAMERA, looking past us at some unfathomable challenge...

KYLE
We've got to get out of here.

Then CAMERA CRANES STRAIGHT UP, leaving the kids at floor level, CORK-SCREWING around to give us a 180-degree reveal of what the kids are facing...

...we see the doll assembly factory from on high, a God's-eye perspective that shows us, for the first time, the massive scope of the place. The chugging machines are linked by the vast, roller-coastery track of the conveyor belt. And everywhere, there are Good Guys, gliding along in various states of completion.

188 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 188

Sitting atop a work table, Chucky takes the sharp blade of the knife, now separated from the handle, and savagely thrusts the blade into his stump! He screams in pain, crumpling to his knees, and the still-rolling conveyor belt whisks him back to the box receptacle, dumping him inside.

Then, a quick series of cuts:

--CHUCKY'S HAND grabs a roll of duct tape off a work table.

--CHUCKY'S HAND yanks a length of tape off the roll.

CONTINUED

188 CONTINUED 188

--CHUCKY'S MOUTH bites the tape, tearing it off.

--The tape is wrapped about Chucky's stump, securing the blade and bandaging the wound.

Then, Chucky holds up his newly outfitted arm, admiring the lethal knife-hand! He stabs, thrusts, and parries at the air, a virtuoso display worthy of a Ninja warrior.

Then, Chucky turns and suddenly jabs his knife-hand into the face of a nearby Good Guy! *

Chucky withdraws his knife-hand, staring at it, scowling murderously. *

CHUCKY
I hate kids.

He hurries away.

189 INT. FACTORY - NIGHT 189

A large door marked "EXIT" beckons promisingly. Then CAMERA PULLS BACK, away from the door...and the lethal twin EYE-PRONGS suddenly STAB across the screen! The rhythmically stabbing prongs stand between the kids and the exit, on the other side of the conveyor belt.

KYLE
It's the only way out.

There's no space beneath the conveyor belt to squeeze through. The kids have only one choice; they must go directly across the conveyor. If they're not careful, the rhythmically stabbing prongs will gouge them.

KYLE (CONT'D)
I'll go first.

Kyle climbs up onto the edge of the conveyor; right in front of her, the prongs rhythmically STAB across at the dolls. Stab. Retract. Stab. Retract.

Andy watches, terrified, his eyes fixed on the stabbing prongs.

Kyle takes a deep breath; her timing must be perfect. Stab. Retract. Stab. Retract.

KYLE (CONT'D)
One, two...three!

CONTINUED

189 CONTINUED 189

She swiftly rolls right across the conveyor belt...and the prongs STAB down just as she drops off the edge, now safe on the other side!

Kyle, separated from Andy by the STABBING prongs, looks back at him across the conveyor belt.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Come on! You can do it!

Andy climbs up onto the edge of the conveyor, staring at the STABBING prongs in his path. Stab. Retract. Stab. Retract.

KYLE AND ANDY
One, two...three!

Andy rolls across...just as the prongs STAB an eyeball right into the heel of his receding slipper! He drops off safely * onto the other side.

190 ELSEWHERE IN THE FACTORY 190

CAMERA moves with a series of completed dolls as they roll along the conveyor belt. As the dolls round a corner, CAMERA lingers on a VENT GRATING in the wall. We hear an odd SQUEAKING, and notice that one of the SCREWS which affix the grating to the wall is UNSCREWING ITSELF, as if manipulated from the other side. Then the screw pops out and falls to the floor, where several other screws already lie.

Then the grating itself pops out with a metallic thump, and from the darkness of the vent, out pops CHUCKY'S HEAD. He glances about, smiling fiendishly, then crawls out, using his knife-hand as a crutch to get to his feet.

191 BACK TO THE EXIT DOOR 191

as a large METAL PIPE is slammed against the knob. Kyle's wielding the pipe, obviously trying to bust the lock. She tries the knob, but it won't budge. She turns to Andy.

KYLE
I can't open it.

ANDY
How will we get out?

KYLE
We'll have to find another way. Come on.

CONTINUED

191 CONTINUED 191

They hurry off in search of another escape route, Kyle holding on to the pipe.

192 BACK TO CHUCKY 192

as he makes his way amidst the roaring, chugging machinery. All around him, scores of Good Guy dolls glide by on conveyor belts. Chucky turns to one of the dolls, staring at it in disgust; he pettily knocks it off the conveyor with a single swipe of his knife-hand.

193 AT THE OPENING TO THE WAREHOUSE 193

A massive pile-up of boxed dolls is accumulating, due to the closed grating; the excess boxes drop off the side of the rolling conveyor belt.

194 INT. FACTORY - CONTROL BOOTH - NIGHT 194

A TECHNICIAN, working the graveyard shift, sits at a systems console, idly watching a portable TV.

The console contains a bank of video monitors, showing various views of the factory. One monitor clearly shows:

194A OMITTED 194A

194B ONE MONITOR 194B

clearly shows the kids searching for the exit. But:

194C THE TECHNICIAN 194C

doesn't notice. He's too engrossed in the TV.

Suddenly, a soft WARNING BUZZER sounds, indicating trouble. The Technician turns to the console: a red light blinks just beneath one of the monitors, this one showing the:

194D MULTITUDE OF BOXES 194D

bunching up at the grating.

194E TECHNICIAN 194E

TECHNICIAN
Terrific.

He heads out to check on things. CAMERA lingers on one of the monitors, which clearly shows:

194F CHUCKY 194F

skulking about, in search of the kids.

195 INT. FACTORY - NIGHT 195

Moving past MACHINE #1--the vat of molten plastic, Andy and Kyle hear a sudden loud BANG, OFF-SCREEN. They react with a start, looking apprehensively in the direction of the sound, now backing right toward the vat of molten plastic.

Not looking where he's going, Andy is backing up against the * vat, heading directly beneath a FAUCET; an adjacent sign reads "CAUTION--MOLTEN PLASTIC--OVERFLOW RELEASE." A big DROP of molten plastic drips from the faucet and falls to the floor just behind Andy, SIZZLING on the cement. Andy doesn't notice. He's moving directly beneath the faucet, as another fat DROP is forming...

...Kyle, taller than Andy, backs right into the faucet; it burns.

KYLE
Ow!

She jumps away, then sees the DROP about to drip onto Andy's head!

She pulls Andy out from under the faucet...just as the DROP falls to the floor, SIZZLING on the cement.

Andy gulps, staring down at the SIZZLING drop of plastic. Kyle then yanks his arm, urging him on. They hurry away.

196 BACK TO THE TECHNICIAN 196

As he hurries along amid the chugging machinery and rolling conveyor belts. Suddenly, up ahead, a small marble-like object rolls out onto the floor from around a corner. Puzzled, the Technician approaches the object, reaching down and picking it up. It's a plastic blue Good Guy eye. The Technician stares at it, puzzled.

Then another eye rolls out from around a corner up ahead.

CONTINUED

196 CONTINUED 196

TECHNICIAN
What the hell?

Lured, the Technician hurries over and picks up the second eye. Then he looks around the corner...and sees DOZENS of the eyeblls on the floor, and a big, three-foot-tall BARREL up ahead, lying on its side, scores of eyeballs spilling onto the floor from inside. *

Increasingly curious, he walks slowly toward the barrel, slipping slightly on the eyeballs underfoot. Finally reaching the barrel, he sets it upright again. *

The Technician leans down, sticking his hand into the barrel, sifting through the dozens and dozens of eyes...

Then the CAMERA takes a TWO-FOOT TALL POV behind the techinician, slowly creeping up behind the man, his back to us, as he sifts through the barrel of eyeballs. CAMERA creeps inexorably toward him, closer and closer, finally coming up right against his back, as he finishes sifting through the barrel and turns to face us...

...and then with shocking surprise CHUCKY pops up from inside the barrel, appearing over the Technician's shoulder, his knife-hand poised to slash! The Technician, startled by the sound, spins and recoils...just in time to see Chuck SLASH at his throat!

The knife grazes the Technician's throat; he recoils away from Chucky...slipping on the rolling eyeballs underfoot...falling backwards onto the conveyor belt!

Amidst the procession of dolls, the Technician, flat on his back, rolls along the conveyor. Panicked, he sits up, and we take:

196A THE TECHNICIAN'S POV 196A

as the sharp twin PRONGS shoot right at our eyes with a flash! We hear the man's agonized SCREAM...

196B OMITTED 196B *

197 BACK TO THE KIDS 197

The kids pass by MACHINE #2--the elevated X-shaped mechanism, with inclined conveyors leading up to it, and down from it, on either side.

CONTINUED

197 CONTINUED 197

Limbless dolls glide up to the machine, pause inside while it violently contracts, then emerge with arms and legs, gliding back down to floor level.

Inching along, Kyle backs into a prominent SWITCH, accidently pushing a button: immediately, a shrill ALARM sounds, and the conveyor belt REVERSES itself.

198 BACK TO CHUCKY 198

Elsewhere in the factory, he turns his head in the direction of the ALARM. He heads off in that direction.

199 BACK TO THE KIDS 199

The kids watch as a doll that already has arms and legs is whisked back up to the X-shaped machine, which can no longer accommodate its size; the machine contracts, WHINING and grinding, crushing the doll inside as steam HISSES malfunctionally. When the doll emerges from the other side...it's a pulverized mess, sporting a spider-like array of arms and legs.

Kyle turns to face the switch. It's marked:

CONVEYOR BELT
FORWARD/REVERSE
CAUTION: CONVEYOR MUST BE CLEAR BEFORE USING REVERSE

Kyle quickly pushes the "FORWARD" button: the conveyor resumes running normally, and the ALARM CEASES.

Moving along, Andy's back is to the conveyor; the nude Good Guy dolls glide by behind him. Kyle's glancing about, keeping an eye out for the enemy.

KYLE
Did you hear that?

ANDY
What?

KYLE
I thought I heard something.

Silence...and then behind Andy, Chucky suddenly pops up from the other side of the conveyor belt, raising his knife hand into the air, poised to come stabbing down on the boy!

Kyle turns...just in time to see Chucky, with his knife-hand raised behind Andy!

KYLE
Duck!

CONTINUED

199 CONTINUED 199

Andy ducks...just as the knife comes slicing down, missing the boy's neck by inches! Kyle instantly lets fly with the pipe, smashing Chucky in the head, sending him reeling back into the conveyor belt....

...just beneath the HAIR-STAPLER, which instantly hurtles down at him, CHOMPING right into his crotch, STAPLING him to the conveyor belt! Grabbing his crotch, which now sports a tuft of red hair, Chucky screams several octaves higher than usual, then starts to glide away.

Then Andy glances back at the "FORWARD/REVERSE" switch; his eyes go wide with a bright idea. Kyle follows his gaze, and gets his drift. She nods at the switch.

KYLE
Do it.

Andy bolts for the switch and punches the "REVERSE" button. The conveyor belt abruptly starts running the other way...whisking Chucky back under the STAPLER, which CHOMPS into his crotch again! He screams in pain.

Chucky, impaled to the backward-running conveyor belt, glides past the kids, then up toward the pumping X-SHAPED MECHANISM, which is pulverizing the dolls that already have arms and legs.

Chucky's turn is coming up. He pulls at the staple in his crotch, unable to dislodge it, glancing back in panic at the fate that awaits him. He turns imploring eyes upon Andy.

CHUCKY
Andy, please! I was only playing!

ANDY
Get real.

199A CHUCKY'S POV 199A

as he glides toward the violently contracting X-shaped machine.

199B BACK TO SCENE 199B

as Chucky glides into the machine, screaming in agony as it contracts. Chucky cannot be seen while he's in the clutches of the device. The mechanism WHINES and grinds, pouring smoke and HISSING steam into the air. Chucky's screams ECHO throughout the factory, dying gradually, then ceasing entirely.

199C ANDY 199C

turns back to the switch, punching the "FORWARD" button.

The conveyor belt resumes running normally; Andy and Kyle look on grimly as Chucky's remains pass by--a pulpy mass of plastic, denim, and blood, with a spider-like array of arms and legs jutting out into the air.

KYLE
I can see why the neighborhood kids won't play with you.

Andy smiles.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Come on. Let's get out of here.

As they walk slowly away, the X-shaped machine is in the FOREGROUND. CAMERA BOOMS DOWN along the machine, and we see drops of blood dripping from the machine to the floor ...and on the floor, we see BLOODY HANDPRINTS.

WITH THE KIDS--as they walk past the conveyor belt that slopes up to the X-shaped machine. They're heading toward the vat of plastic. Kyle puts her hand on Andy's shoulder.

KYLE (CONT'D)
You okay?

ANDY
Yeah. Thanks for coming after me.

KYLE
You owe me one, squirt.

ANDY
I--

Then with shocking surprise THE TECHNICIAN'S BODY, bound up in a cable by the foot, upside-down, comes swinging down upon Kyle from the rafters! She goes sprawling onto the conveyor belt, unconscious.

ANDY
Kyle!

CUT TO:

199D THE BODY'S POV 199D

as it comes swinging back down toward Andy, rocketing toward his terrified face.

199E ANDY'S POV 199E

of the TECHNICIAN'S FACE as it comes hurtling toward him: the upside-down face stares with a pair of huge blue plastic doll eyes, ghastly in their inordinate size and utter lack of life; blood trickles from the eyes and down the Guard's cheeks, like tears.

199F BACK TO ANDY 199F

as he dives to the floor, out of the swinging body's path.

CUT TO:

200 A WHIRRING WENCH 200

spinning quickly, then halting abruptly as it reaches its final position; on the wall nearby is a small, bloody HANDPRINT.

201 BACK TO ANDY 201

He watches, helpless, as Kyle is whisked away on the conveyor belt, heading up the incline toward...the X-SHAPED LIMB-FASTENER!

The Technician's body continues to swing, slower and slower, in ever shorter arcs.

Then Andy hears a soft, insidiously creepy sound behind him--CLICK SQUEAK, CLICK SQUEAK. He turns...

And...

201A FROM UNDERNEATH 201A

the shadowy recesses of a machine comes Chucky--or at least HIS LEGLESS UPPER-HALF--perched on a WHEELED CART. He emerges slowly, propelling himself along with his knife-hand, repeatedly CLICKING the blade against the cement, then rolling forward with a SQUEAK. CLICK SQUEAK. CLICK SQUEAK.

Blood drips, and wires dangle, from Chucky's severed waist. Propelling himself along on the cart, he's this terrifying, crippled thing.

CHUCKY
Look what you've done to me, boy.
Look what you've done to me!

CONTINUED

201A CONTINUED 201A

Chucky's furious voice ECHOES throughout the factory. He wheels himself inexorably closer toward Andy, who backs away, cornered by the huge vat of plastic. Chucky approaches. CLICK SQUEAK. CLICK SQUEAK.

202 ON THE CONVEYOR BELT 202

Kyle, unconscious, glides inexorably closer toward the pumping limb-fastener.

203 BACK TO ANDY 203

as Chucky rolls ever closer.

CHUCKY
I've got you now, Andy. And you know what I'm going to do to you? I'm going to cut off <u>your</u> legs, too.

Chucky rolls closer, SLASHING away at the boy, forcing him into a corner, up against the vat of molten plastic. Andy dodges the blade as he's backed up against the vat.

204 ON THE CONVEYOR BELT 204

Kyle, still unconscious, is just three dolls away from the limb-fastener.

205 BACK TO ANDY 205

as Chucky is now upon him, having cornered him against the vat of molten plastic.

Chucky gleefully brandishes his knife-hand before the boy, slashing away right in front of him, then SEVERING a rubber STEAM LINE that runs along the wall; the severed line twists and snakes wildly, like a hose, emitting HISSING steam.

Andy recoils from Chucky, stepping to one side. Chucky cackles, and then, in a flash, he STABS at Andy...but Andy dodges away just in time; the blade of the knife-hand stabs right into the vat of plastic. Chucky tries to pull it out, but it's imbedded there, stuck. He bellows in frustration as he tries to pull his knife-hand free.

Then, as Chucky is maniacally trying to pull his knife-hand free, a DROP of molten plastic suddenly PLOPS right onto the blade, SIZZLING. *

CONTINUED

205 CONTINUED 205

Chucky freezes, ceasing all movement. He stares at the SIZZLING drop. And then, he slowly looks up...

...and sees that he is standing directly beneath the faucet marked "CAUTION--OVERFLOW RELEASE".

Chucky stares at the faucet, then slowly turns to Andy. Andy looks from Chucky, to the faucet, then back to Chucky...and then Andy breaks into a smile.

ANDY
You lose. *

In a flash, he reaches up and twists the faucet handle...and the valve unleashes a torrent of overflowing, cascading HOT MOLTEN PLASTIC, directly onto Chucky!

CHUCKY
Aaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh!

205A CHUCKY 205A

screaming, holds his arm out against the blast, but to no avail. The shower of molten plastic immediately takes its toll: Chucky's features start to melt, his face oozing away, a mutating horror! Chucky screams in agony.

205B ANDY 205B

cowers away from the cascading plastic, pressing himself up against a wall, watching in horror as Chucky melts into a sizzling mess! Chucky's screams die away.

Andy looks down at what remains--an unrecognizable, lumpy puddle of sizzling plastic, from which a single undamaged eye stares up sightlessly.

Andy twists the faucet, stopping the flow of molten plastic. * Then he looks up...only to see Kyle about to enter the X-shaped machine!

205C CAREFULLY JUMPING OVER THE MOLTEN MESS 205C

Carefully jumping over the molten mess, Andy takes off running alongside the rolling conveyor belt, racing after Kyle, who's climbing up toward the X-shaped machine, almost there now. *

CONTINUED

205C CONTINUED 205C

Andy leaps up onto the conveyor belt and desperately starts to climb up the incline toward Kyle, grabbing the dolls for support, knocking them aside. Up above, the X-shaped machine starts to expand, emitting HISSING steam and smoke, cavernous jaws that await Kyle as the conveyor belt-tongue starts to draw her inside...

...Andy, climbing, reaches Kyle; he grabs her shoulders and desperately tries to pull her back from the jaws of the yawning, steaming machine...

ANDY
Kyle! Wake up!

She stirs, opening her eyes...only to see herself inching into the machine! With a desperate tug, Andy yanks both of them over the side of the conveyor belt; they fall several feet to the floor, just as the machine violently contracts!

Lying on the floor, Kyle hugs Andy.

ANDY
Are you okay?

KYLE
Yeah. What happened?

ANDY
Look.

Andy helps her to her feet, then leads her back toward Chucky's remains. Along the way, they step over the severed rubber steam line, still twisting about on the floor as it spews clouds of HISSING steam into the air.

A few feet further on, they reach what's left of Chucky. Kyle looks down in revulsion at the sizzling, lumpy puddle of plastic, the single eye staring up. She turns to Andy, truly amazed.

KYLE
Jesus. What did you do to him?

Kyle squats down for a closer inspection, leaning right over the mess.

Then with shocking surprise CHUCKY'S MUTATED BUST springs up from the lumpy puddle, one eye staring from his melted, deformed face, his mouth a screaming, twisted cavity as a gnarly hand grabs at Kyle's shirt! Kyle screams.

CONTINUED

205C CONTINUED (2) 205C

Chucky--what's left of him--looks like the by-product of nuclear waste, a hideous birth defect. His twisted, deformed mouth SNAPS away as he pulls Kyle closer, threatening to bite right into her face! Andy grabs her from behind, trying to pull her away from Chucky, but to no avail.

Glancing about in panic, Kyle spots the severed steam line, twisting about on the floor like a hose. Reaching behind her, she grabs the hose and struggles for a moment to control it as it twists about in her hand, spewing HISSING steam. Chucky pulls her closer, snapping away.

With a single angry thrust, Kyle shoves the end of the hose into Chucky's twisted, deformed mouth, blasting hot, HISSING steam into the doll's mutated body!

KYLE
Eat this, you son of a bitch!

Chucky's gnarled hand immediately lets go of Kyle; he desperately tries to yank the hose out of his mouth. But it's too late. Chucky's single eye goes wide with panic and terror, as his already deformed face begins to SWELL from the injection of WHOOSHING steam. Chucky screams as he continues to SWELL to impossible proportions...

...Kyle and Andy, seeing what's about to happen, take off in a dead run...

205D CHUCKY'S FACE 205D

begins to CRACK under internal pressure; his one eye darts about in panic as he SWELLS and SWELLS...

...and then, like a balloon, Chucky EXPLODES IN SLOW MOTION into smithereens!

205E KYLE AND ANDY 205E

roll beneath the conveyor belt, taking cover from the explosion.

Tiny specks of plastic and bloody matter, billions of them, rain down throughout the factory in SLOW MOTION, densely filling the air like confetti. Safe beneath the conveyor belt, Kyle and Andy sit huddled together, watching as the plastic bits come raining down all around. Kyle puts her arm around the boy.

205F IN THE VAT OF MOLTEN PLASTIC 205F

a bloody piece of Chucky's face SPLASHES down into the thick bubbling goo, settling on the surface, a single eye staring up sightlessly.

205G OMITTED 205G *

206 EXT. PLAY PALS COMPLEX - DAWN 206

The electric door rolls up and Andy and Kyle emerge, eyes blinking in the sudden light of the rising sun. *

ANDY
Where are we going?

KYLE
Home.

ANDY
Where's home?

Kyle ponders Andy's question, then laughs.

KYLE
I have no idea.
(she looks down at him)
Looks like I'm stuck with you.

Andy throws her advice right back at her:

ANDY
You'll deal with it.

Kyle smiles. She takes Andy's hand and leads him away. *

A HIGH SHOT looks down at Andy and Kyle, hand in hand, as they walk away from the factory, dwarfed by the enormous Good Guy, his mechanical hand waving cheerfully to the world. *

206A OMITTED 206A *

207 INT. FACTORY - VAT OF PLASTIC 207

In the vat of bubbling plastic, Chucky's eye still floats on the surface, staring sightlessly up at us.

Then the eye sinks into the plastic, disappearing from view in a swirl of BLOOD, gurgling bubbles popping at the surface.

CONTINUED

207 CONTINUED 207

THE CAMERA MOVES past the vat, MOVING along the pipes that carry the molten plastic to the assembly line. The pipes start to GROAN from within; then we hear GURGLING, as if some foreign matter were trying to flow through the pipes. Finally, the pipes start to RATTLE from some internal strain.

THE CAMERA FOLLOWS the pipes to the molding mechanism, which, in a burst of HISSING steam, spits a bald, eyeless head down onto a torso waiting on the conveyor belt underneath.

The steam clears, revealing the bald, eyeless head...as the mouth breaks into a familiar, devilish grin. Then the grinning doll rolls TOWARD CAMERA on the gliding conveyor belt, a single cavernous eye socket approaching and enveloping the screen...plunging us into DARKNESS.

*